"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead. BROWNING

I MADE them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it.

TENNYSON

THE ONTARIO READERS
FOURTH BOOK

AUTHORIZED

One Flag

One Fleet

One Throne

The Union Jack

THE ONTARIO READERS

FOURTH BOOK

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

PRICE 16 CENTS

TORONTO
THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
2-'30

Copyright, Canada, 1925
By the Minister of Education for Ontario

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION wishes to express his thanks to the following authors for permission to use selections from their writings in this Reader:— the late Goldwin Smith, Rudyard Kipling, Sir Henry Newbolt for his poem "Farewell", from "Poems New and Old", (John Murray, London), the Earl of Dunraven, the late Frank D. Bullen, Charles G. D. Roberts, Frederick George Scott, Agnes Maule Machar, Alfred Noyes, O. J. Stevenson, E. Hilton Young, Edmund Gosse, Harold Begbie, Helena Coleman, and Archibald MacMechan.

To Lord Tennyson he is under obligation for the use of poems from the works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson; to Lloyd Osbourne for the extract from Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped"; to C. Egerton Ryerson for the extract from "The Loyalists of America and Their Times" by Egerton Ryerson; and to W. L. Grant for the selection from the works of G. M. Grant.

His thanks are also due to Macmillan & Company, Limited, London for permission to reproduce selected poems from the works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Rudyard Kipling, Sir F. H. Doyle, and Cecil Frances Alexander; to Longmans, Green & Co., for the selections from Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects" and from his "History of England"; to Smith, Elder & Co., for the extract from "The Cruise of the Cachalot"; to Elkin Mathews for Sir Henry Newbolt's poem from "The Island Race"; to Thomas Nelson & Sons for the extract from W. F. Collier's "History of the British Empire"; to Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., for E. Hilton Young's poem "Christmas" from "A House at Sea"; to William Heinemann, Ltd., for the poem "The Wounded Gull"; to The Oxford University Press, London and Mr. A. T. A. Dobson, for Austin Dobson's

"A Fancy From Fontenelle"; to G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., for the anecdote from the French—"Dean Swift and the Errand Boy"; to The Frederick A. Stokes Company, for "Sherwood" by Alfred Noyes; to The Bobbs-Merrill Company for Harold Peat's "Canadians—Canadians—That's All!" from "Private Peat"; to L. C. Page & Company for "A Madrigal" by Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald; to The A. L. Burt Company for the extract from Sir A. Conan Doyle's "The White Company"; to The Fleming H. Revell Company for the selection from "The Adventures of Billy Topsail" by Norman Duncan; to The Copp, Clark Company, Limited for selections from the works of Charles G. D. Roberts and of Agnes Maule Machar; to The Hunter-Rose Company for the selection "Country Life in Canada in the Thirties"; to Morang & Company for poems from the works of Archibald Lampman; to Hodder & Stoughton for E. Pauline Johnson's "The Song My Paddle Sings"; to The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited for the extract from "The Man-Eaters of Tsavo" by Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson; to The Musson Book Company, Ltd., for Robert J. C. Stead's poem "Kitchener of Khartoum" from "The Empire Builders"; and to McClelland & Stewart for permission to use the extract from "Black Rock" by "Ralph Connor."

The Minister is grateful to these authors and publishers, and to others not mentioned here, through whose courtesy he has been able to include in this Reader so many copyright selections.

TORONTO, March, 1925

CONTENTS

		PAGE
The Children's Song	*Rudyard Kipling*	1
Our Country	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	2
Tom Tulliver at School	*George Eliot*	3
England	*William Shakespeare*	10
The Way to Glory	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	11
The Discovery of America	*William Robertson*	12
The Common Street	*Helen Gray Cone*	17
The Battle of the Pipes	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	18
Home Thoughts, from the Sea	*Robert Browning*	24
The Queen's Jubilee, 1897	*Sir Wilfrid Laurier*	24
Dean Swift and the Errand Boy	*Carl Heath*	26
Canada	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	26
Wolfe at Quebec	*Francis Parkman*	28
Prayer	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	36
The Wounded Gull	*Edmund Gosse*	37
Scrooge's Christmas	*Charles Dickens*	39
Mountain Torrents	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	49
Defeat of the Armada	*James Anthony Froude*	51
Miriam's Song	*Thomas Moore*	55
The Destruction of Sennacherib	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	56
The Lark at the Diggings	*Charles Reade*	58
Sir Patrick Spens	*Old Ballad*	62
The Romance of Marquis Wheat	*O. J. Stevenson*	66
Christmas	*E. Hilton Young*	74
The Man Who Sings	*Thomas Carlyle*	75
A Lion Hunt	*Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson*	76
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	*John Keats*	81
The Falls of Niagara	*Edward Hartley Dewart*	82
The Crusader and the Saracen	*Sir Walter Scott*	83
Storm in the Alps	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	90
Thou Must Be True Thyself	*Horatius Bonar*	91
Work and Wages	*John Ruskin*	91
Untrodden Ways	*Agnes Maule Machar*	94
The First Ploughing	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	95
The Archery Contest	*Sir Walter Scott*	97
In November	*Archibald Lampman*	102
Autumn Woods	*William Cullen Bryant*	103
"Gentlemen, the King!"	*Harold Begbie*	105

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Afton Water	*Robert Burns*	109
David Copperfield's First Journey Alone	*Charles Dickens*	110
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	118
Country Life in Canada in the "Thirties"	*Carniff Haight*	122
An Incident of the French Camp	*Robert Browning*	128
The Two Paths	*Bible*	130
The Fight with Apollyon	*John Bunyan*	131
A Vision of the Future	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	134
Providence	*William Cowper*	135
Moses' Bargains	*Oliver Goldsmith*	136
The Maple	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	141
"Canadians—Canadians—That's All!"	*Harold R. Peat*	142
The Unnamed Lake	*Frederick George Scott*	147
Life in Norman England	*William F. Collier*	149
Ye Mariners of England	*Thomas Campbell*	154
Instruction	*Bible*	156
Home Thoughts, From Abroad	*Robert Browning*	157
To the Memory of the Fallen	*From "The Funeral Oration of Pericles"*	158
Among the Canadian Mountains	*Helena Coleman*	159
The Vision of Mirzah	*Joseph Addison*	160
Forbearance	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	168
A Fancy From Fontenelle	*Austin Dobson*	169
The United Empire Loyalists	*Egerton Ryerson*	170
Oft, in the Stilly Night	*Thomas Moore*	173
Love Canada	*Egerton Ryerson*	174
In a Canoe	*Lord Dunraven*	175
Scots Wha Hae	*Robert Burns*	179
St. Ambrose Crew Win Their First Race	*Thomas Hughes*	180
The Song My Paddle Sings	*E. Pauline Johnson*	189
On the Washington Treaty	*Sir John A. Macdonald*	192
The Parting of Marmion and Douglas	*Sir Walter Scott*	196
From Ocean to Ocean in Canada	*G. M. Grant*	200
A Christmas Hymn, 1837	*Alfred Domett*	201
The Commandment and the Reward	*Bible*	204
The Spacious Firmament	*Joseph Addison*	205
The Beatitudes	*Bible*	206
Kitchener of Khartoum	*Robert J. C. Stead*	207
The Battle with the Pygmies	*O. J. Stevenson*	208

CONTENTS

		PAGE
A Madrigal	*Elizabeth R. MacDonald*	215
Ocean	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	216
Pontiac's Attempt to Capture Fort Detroit	*Major Richardson*	219
My Native Land	*Sir Walter Scott*	227
Morning on the Lièvre	*Archibald Lampman*	228
Evening	*Archibald Lampman*	230
The Battle with the Pygmies (*Con.*)	*O. J. Stevenson*	231
Sherwood	*Alfred Noyes*	236
Herring Fishing	*Hugh Miller*	240
The Poet's Song	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	242
My Castles in Spain	*George William Curtis*	243
Progress	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	247
The Shipwreck	*Archibald MacMechan*	248
Break, Break, Break	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	259
To My Mother	*Henry Kirke White*	260
The Solitary Reaper	*William Wordsworth*	261
Clouds, Rains, and Rivers	*John Tyndall*	262
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	*Sir Walter Scott*	270
Billy Topsail	*Norman Duncan*	275
Heat	*Archibald Lampman*	284
Story of Absalom	*Bible*	286
The Burial of Moses	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	290
Ode Written in 1746	*William Collins*	293
The Wrestling Match	*Sir A. Conan Doyle*	294
To the Dandelion	*James Russell Lowell*	300
Dickens in the Camp	*Bret Harte*	301
The Death of Nelson	*Robert Southey*	303
Waterloo	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	311
The Four-Horse Race	*"Ralph Connor"*	315
A Song of Spring	*Bible*	322
Rule, Britannia	*James Thomson*	323
Funeral of Wellington	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	324
In a Cave with a Whale	*Frank T. Bullen*	326
The Glove and the Lions	*Leigh Hunt*	334
The Navy	*Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill*	336
Shakespeare—A King	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	338
Of Studies	*Francis Bacon*	339
The Nest	*James Russell Lowell*	341
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	*Robert Browning*	342
London	*Goldwin Smith*	347
Lead, Kindly Light	*John Henry Newman*	351

CONTENTS

		PAGE
God is Our Refuge	*Bible*	352
The First Spring Day	*Christina Rossetti*	354
The Unity of Our Empire	*Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour*	355
The Private of the Buffs	*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle*	357
The Revenge	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	359
June	*James Russell Lowell*	368
To Englishmen	*John G. Whittier*	370
An Elizabethan Seaman	*James Anthony Froude*	371
The Sea-King's Burial	*Charles Mackay*	377
The Downfall of Wolsey	*William Shakespeare*	383
Honourable Toil	*Thomas Carlyle*	386
Crossing the Bar	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	388
To a Water-Fowl	*William Cullen Bryant*	389
Daffodils	*William Wordsworth*	391
A Liberal Education	*Thomas Huxley*	392
England, My England	*William Ernest Henley*	393
Vitaï Lampada	*Sir Henry Newbolt*	395
The Irreparable Past	*Frederick W. Robertson*	396
Farewell	*Sir Henry Newbolt*	400
Siege of Arcot	*Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay*	401
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	406
Index of Titles		408

The Good Land

For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, springing forth in valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig trees and pomegranates; a land of oil olives and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

And thou shalt eat and be full, and thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which He hath given thee.

Deuteronomy, VIII.

FOURTH READER

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
Oh Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through years to be!

KIPLING

OUR COUNTRY

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

TENNYSON

TOM TULLIVER AT SCHOOL

It was Mr. Tulliver's first visit to see Tom, for the lad must learn not to think too much about home.

"Well, my lad," he said to Tom, when Mr. Stelling had left the room to announce the arrival to his wife, and Maggie had begun to kiss Tom freely, "you look rarely. School agrees with you."

Tom wished he had looked rather ill.

"I don't think I *am* well, father," said Tom; "I wish you'd ask Mr. Stelling not to let me do Euclid—it brings on the toothache, I think."

(The toothache was the only malady to which Tom had ever been subject.)

"Euclid, my lad; why, what's that?" said Mr. Tulliver.

"Oh, I don't know. It's definitions, and axioms, and triangles, and things. It's a book I've got to learn in; there's no sense in it."

"Go, go!" said Mr. Tulliver, reprovingly, "you mustn't say so. You must learn what your master tells you. He knows what it's right for you to learn."

"*I'll* help you now, Tom," said Maggie, with

a little air of patronizing consolation. "I'm come to stay ever so long, if Mrs. Stelling asks me. I've brought my box and my pinafores, haven't I, father?"

"*You* help me, you silly little thing!" said Tom, in such high spirits at this announcement that he quite enjoyed the idea of confounding Maggie by showing her a page of Euclid. "I should like to see you doing one of *my* lessons! Why, I learn Latin too! Girls never learn such things. They're too silly."

"I know what Latin is very well," said Maggie, confidently. "Latin's a language. There are Latin words in the Dictionary. There's 'bonus, a gift.'"

"Now, you're just wrong there, Miss Maggie!" said Tom, secretly astonished. "You think you're very wise. But 'bonus' means 'good,' as it happens—'bonus, bona, bonum.'"

"Well, that's no reason why it shouldn't mean 'gift,'" said Maggie, stoutly. "It may mean several things—almost every word does. There's 'lawn'—it means the grass-plot, as well as the stuff pocket-handkerchiefs are made of."

"Well done, little 'un," said Mr. Tulliver, laughing, while Tom felt rather disgusted with Maggie's knowingness, though beyond measure

cheerful at the thought that she was going to stay with him. Her conceit would soon be overawed by the actual inspection of his books.

Mrs. Stelling, in her pressing invitation, did not mention a longer time than a week for Maggie's stay; but Mr. Stelling, who took her between his knees, and asked her where she stole her dark eyes from, insisted that she must stay a fortnight. Maggie thought Mr. Stelling was a charming man, and Mr. Tulliver was quite proud to leave his little wench where she would have an opportunity of showing her cleverness to appreciating strangers. So it was agreed that she should not be fetched home till the end of the fortnight.

"Now, then, come with me into the study, Maggie," said Tom, as their father drove away. "What do you shake and toss your head now for, you silly?" he continued; for, though her hair was now under a new dispensation, and was brushed smoothly behind her ears, she seemed still in imagination to be tossing it out of her eyes. "It makes you look as if you were crazy."

"Oh, I can't help it," said Maggie, impatiently. "Don't tease me, Tom. Oh, what books!" she exclaimed, as she saw the book-

"But I shall be a *clever* woman," said Maggie, with a toss.

"Oh, I daresay, and a nasty, conceited thing. Everybody'll hate you."

"But you oughtn't to hate me, Tom. It'll be very wicked of you, for I shall be your sister."

"Yes, but if you're a nasty, disagreeable thing, I *shall* hate you."

"Oh but, Tom, you won't! I shan't be disagreeable. I shall be very good to you, and I shall be good to everybody. You won't hate me really, will you, Tom?"

"Oh, bother, never mind! Come, it's time for me to learn my lessons. See here, what I've got to do," said Tom, drawing Maggie towards him and showing her his theorem, while she pushed her hair behind her ears, and prepared herself to prove her capability of helping him in Euclid. She began to read with full confidence in her own powers; but presently, becoming quite bewildered, her face flushed with irritation. It was unavoidable: she must confess her incompetency, and she was not fond of humiliation.

"It's nonsense!" she said, "and very ugly stuff; nobody need want to make it out."

"Ah, there now, Miss Maggie!" said Tom, drawing the book away and wagging his head at

her; "you see you're not so clever as you thought you were."

"Oh," said Maggie, pouting, "I daresay I could make it out if I'd learned what goes before, as you have."

"But that's what you just couldn't, Miss Wisdom," said Tom. "For it's all the harder when you know what goes before; for then you've got to say what definition 3 is, and what axiom V is. But get along with you now; I must go on with this. Here's the Latin Grammar. See what you can make of that."

Maggie found the Latin Grammar quite soothing after her mathematical mortification, for she delighted in new words, and quickly found that there was an English Key at the end, which would make her very wise about Latin, at slight expense. It was really very interesting—the Latin Grammar that Tom had said no girls could learn, and she was proud because she found it interesting.

"Now, then, Magsie, give us the Grammar!"

"Oh, Tom, it's such a pretty book!" she said, as she jumped out of the large arm-chair to give it him; "it's much prettier than the Dictionary. I could learn Latin very soon. I don't think it's at all hard."

"Oh, I know what you've been doing," said Tom; "you've been reading the English at the end. Any donkey can do that."

Tom seized the book and opened it with a determined and business-like air, as much as to say that he had a lesson to learn which no donkeys would find themselves equal to. Maggie, rather piqued, turned to the book-case, to amuse herself with puzzling out the titles.

GEORGE ELIOT: "The Mill on the Floss."

ENGLAND

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

SHAKESPEARE

THE WAY TO GLORY

YEA, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

TENNYSON

Be that which you would make others.

AMIEL

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

NEXT morning, being Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But, in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the southwest. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty

days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his

men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during

night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light in the distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the Queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! Land!" was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned,

all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country.

The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to the other, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON: "The History of America."

THE COMMON STREET

The common street climbed up against the sky,
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go,
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull, and slow
All motion; as a tale long told
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.
Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.
Suddenly down the long, wet, glistening hill
Pure splendour poured—and lo! the common street,
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

HELEN GRAY CONE

THE BATTLE OF THE PIPES

A THING happened worth narrating at the close of a visit paid me by Robin Oig, one of the sons of the notorious Rob Roy. As he was leaving, just in the door, he met Alan coming in; and the two drew back and looked at each other like strange dogs. They were neither of them big men, but they seemed fairly to swell out with pride. Each wore a sword, and by a movement of his haunch, thrust clear the hilt of it, so that it might be the more readily grasped and the blade drawn.

"Mr. Stewart, I am thinking," says Robin.

"Troth, Mr. Macgregor, it's not a name to be ashamed of," answered Alan.

"I did not know ye were in my country, sir," says Robin.

"It sticks in my mind that I am in the country of my friends, the Maclarens," says Alan.

"That's a kittle point," returned the other. "There may be two words to say to that. But I think I will have heard that you are a man of your sword?"

"Unless ye were born deaf, Mr. Macgregor, ye

will have heard a good deal more than that," says Alan. "I am not the only man who can draw steel in Appin; and when my kinsman and captain, Ardshiel, had a talk with a gentleman of your name, not so many years back, I could never hear that the Macgregor had the best of it."

"Do you mean my father, sir?" says Robin.

"Well, I wouldnae wonder," says Alan. "The gentleman I have in my mind had the ill-taste to clap Campbell to his name."

"My father was an old man," returned Robin. "The match was unequal. You and me would make a better pair, sir."

"I was thinking that," said Alan.

I was half out of bed, and Duncan had been hanging at the elbow of these fighting cocks, ready to intervene upon the least occasion. But when that word was uttered, it was a case of now or never; and Duncan, with something of a white face to be sure, thrust himself between.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will have been thinking of a very different matter. Here are my pipes, and here are you two gentlemen who are baith acclaimed pipers. It's an auld dispute which one of ye's the best. Here will be a braw chance to settle it."

"Why, sir," said Alan, still addressing Robin, from whom indeed he had not so much as shifted his eyes, nor yet Robin from him, "why, sir," says Alan, "I think I will have heard some sough of the sort. Have ye music, as folk say? Are ye a bit of a piper?"

"I can pipe like a Maccrimmon!" cries Robin.

"And that is a very bold word," quoth Alan.

"I have made bolder words good before now," returned Robin, "and that against better adversaries."

"It is easy to try that," says Alan.

Duncan Dhu made haste to bring out the pair of pipes that was his principal possession, and to set before his guests a muttonham and a bottle of that drink which they call Athole brose. The two enemies were still on the very breach of a quarrel; but down they sat, one upon each side of the peat fire, with a mighty show of politeness. Maclaren pressed them to taste his muttonham and "the wife's brose," reminding them the wife was out of Athole and had a name far and wide for her skill in that confection. But Robin put aside these hospitalities as bad for the breath.

"I would have ye to remark, sir," said Alan,

"that I havenae broken bread for near upon ten hours, which will be worse for the breath than any brose in Scotland."

"I will take no advantages, Mr. Stewart," replied Robin. "Eat and drink; I'll follow."

Each ate a small portion of the ham and drank a glass of the brose to Mrs. Maclaren; and then, after a great number of civilities, Robin took the pipes and played a little spring in a very ranting manner.

"Ay, ye can blow," said Alan; and, taking the instrument from his rival, he first played the same spring in a manner identical with Robin's; and then wandered into variations, which, as he went on, he decorated with a perfect flight of grace-notes, such as pipers love, and call the "warblers."

I had been pleased with Robin's playing, Alan's ravished me.

"That's no very bad, Mr. Stewart," said the rival, "but ye show a poor device in your warbler."

"Me!" cried Alan, the blood starting to his face. "I give ye the lie."

"Do ye own yourself beaten at the pipes, then," said Robin, "that ye seek to change them for the sword?"

"And that's very well said, Mr. Macgregor," returned Alan; "and in the meantime" (laying a strong accent on the word) "I take back the lie. I appeal to Duncan."

"Indeed, ye need appeal to naebody," said Robin. "Ye're a far better judge than any Maclaren in Balwhidder: for it's a God's truth that you're a very creditable piper for a Stewart. Hand me the pipes."

Alan did as he asked; and Robin proceeded to imitate and correct some part of Alan's variations, which it seemed that he remembered perfectly.

"Ay, ye have music," said Alan, gloomily.

"And now be the judge yourself, Mr. Stewart," said Robin; and taking up the variations from the beginning, he worked them throughout to so new a purpose, with such ingenuity and sentiment, and with so odd a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes, that I was amazed to hear him.

As for Alan his face grew dark and hot, and he sat and gnawed his fingers, like a man under some deep affront. "Enough!" he cried. "Ye can blow the pipes—make the most of that." And he made as if to rise.

But Robin only held out his hand as if to ask for silence, and struck into the slow music of a pibroch. It was a fine piece of music in itself, and nobly played; but, it seems besides, it was a piece peculiar to the Appin Stewarts and a chief favourite with Alan. The first notes were scarce out, before there came a change in his face; when the time quickened, he seemed to grow restless in his seat; and long before that piece was at an end, the last signs of his anger died from him, and he had no thought but for the music.

"Robin Oig," he said, when it was done, "ye are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. Body of me! ye have more music in your sporran than I have in my head! And, though it still sticks in my mind that I could show ye another of it with the cold steel, I warn ye beforehand—it'll no be fair! It would go against my heart to haggle a man that can blow the pipes as you can!"

Thereupon the quarrel was made up. All night long the pipes were changing hands, and the day had come pretty bright before Robin as much as thought upon the road.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: "Kidnapped."

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-
west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face
Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance, dawned
Gibraltar grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me: how can
I help England?"—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa.

R. Browning

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, 1897

"It was a Triumph indeed, that procession from Buckingham Palace to the Cathedral of St. Paul, but it was one widely different from the Triumphs of Ancient Rome. Here was, not a warrior coming, after a campaign, laden with the gory spoils of many provinces or many kingdoms, or with thousands of slaves or prisoners fettered to his

chariot—the Triumphant in this case was a woman, a woman no longer in the flower of youth, but already marked by the hand of time; and in her cortège were men of many lands and of many religions—men from the black races of Africa, men from the yellow races of Asia, men from the mixed races of the West Indies; Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists—but free men all—free men all, some of them wearing the uniform of the British army, and proudly marching to the strains of Britain's martial airs.

And, when in front of the noble temple, under the great canopy of Heaven, the vast throng invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon the aged Sovereign and her vast Dominions, each of those present felt in his heart the conviction that, as the Roman Empire had been built up by force and violence, so it had been destroyed by force and violence; but that the British Empire lived and would live for ever upon the eternal laws of Freedom and Justice.

And as it is for the British Empire as a whole, so it is for every component part of that Empire. That is the inspiration which shall ever guide us in the discharge of the duties which the Canadian people have intrusted to our care."

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

DEAN SWIFT AND THE ERRAND BOY

An errand boy was often sent by his master to carry presents to Dean Swift. The Dean would send a message of thanks to the master, but never gave the boy anything.

One day the boy carried a big fish to the Dean, which his master had caught in fishing. Pushing open the door of the Dean's study, he said rudely: "My master sends you a fish."

"That is not the way to come in," said the Dean. "Sit down, and I will show you how to behave."

The boy sat down, and the Dean, going outside, knocked at the door, bowed, and said: "My master, Sir, presents his compliments to you and begs you to accept this fish."

"Indeed," cried the boy, "then give your master my best thanks, and here's half-a-crown for yourself." The Dean smiled and took the hint.

Carl Heath

CANADA

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attests in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
  At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks, but iron front
  The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
  From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
  Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
  Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
  Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
  With strangers housed, in stranger lands,—
And some Canadian lips are dumb
  Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
  Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
  And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my country, dream not thou!
  Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
  Bursts the uprising sun!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WOLFE AT QUEBEC

THE eventful night of the twelfth was clear and calm, with no light but that of the stars. Within two hours before daybreak thirty boats, crowded with sixteen hundred soldiers, cast off from the vessels and floated downward in perfect order with the current of the ebb-tide. To the boundless joy of the army, Wolfe's malady had abated, and he was able to command in person. His ruined health, the gloomy prospect of the siege, and the disaster at Montmorenci, had oppressed him with the deepest melancholy, but never impaired for a moment the promptness of his decisions, or the impetuous energy of his action.

He sat in the stern of one of the boats, pale and weak, but borne up to a calm height of resolution. Every order had been given, every arrangement made, and it only remained to face the issue. The ebbing tide sufficed to bear the boats along, and nothing broke the silence of the night but the gurgling of the river, and the low voice of Wolfe, as he repeated to the officers about him the stanzas of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," which had recently appeared, and which he had just received from

England. Perhaps as he uttered those strangely appropriate words :—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave," the shadows of his own approaching fate stole with mournful prophecy across his mind. "Gentlemen," he said, as he closed his recital, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

As they approached the landing-place, the boats edged closer in towards the northern shore, and the woody precipices rose high on their left like a wall of undistinguished blackness.

"*Qui vive?*" shouted a French sentinel from out the impervious gloom.

"*La France!*" answered a captain of Fraser's Highlanders from the foremost boat.

As boats were frequently passing down the river with supplies for the garrison, and as a convoy from Bougainville was expected that very night, the sentinel was deceived and allowed the English to proceed. A few moments later, they were challenged again, and this time they could discern the soldier running close down to the water's edge, as if all his suspicions were aroused; but the skilful replies of the Highlander once more saved the party from discovery.

They reached the landing-place in safety,—an

indentation in the shore about a league above the city and now bearing the name of Wolfe's Cove. Here a narrow path led up the face of the heights, and a French guard was posted at the top to defend the pass. By the force of the current the foremost boats, including that which carried Wolfe himself, were borne a little below the spot. The general was one of the first on shore. He looked upward at the rugged heights which towered above him in the gloom. "You can try it," he coolly observed to an officer near him; "but I don't think you'll get up."

At the point where the Highlanders landed, one of their captains, Donald Macdonald, apparently the same whose presence of mind had just saved the enterprise from ruin, was climbing in advance of his men, when he was challenged by a sentinel. He replied in French, by declaring that he had been sent to relieve the guard, and ordering the soldier to withdraw. Before the latter was undeceived, a crowd of Highlanders were close at hand, while the steeps below were thronged with eager climbers, dragging themselves up by trees, roots, and bushes. The guard turned out and made a brief though brave resistance. In a moment they were cut to pieces,

dispersed, or made prisoners, while men after men came swarming up the height and quickly formed upon the plains above. Meanwhile the vessels had dropped downward with the current and anchored opposite the landing-place. The remaining troops disembarked, and with the dawn of day, the whole were brought in safety to the shore.

The sun rose, and from the ramparts of Quebec the astonished people saw the Plains of Abraham glittering with arms, and the dark-red lines of the English forming in array of battle. Breathless messengers had borne the evil tidings to Montcalm, and far and near his wide-extended camp resounded with the rolling of alarm-drums and the din of startled preparation. He, too, had had his struggles and his sorrows. The civil power had thwarted him; famine, discontent, and disaffection were rife among his soldiers; and no small portion of the Canadian militia had dispersed from sheer starvation. In spite of all, he had trusted to hold out till the winter frosts should drive the invaders from before the town, when on that disastrous morning the news of their successful temerity fell like a cannon-shot upon his ear. Still he assumed a tone of confidence. "They have got to the weak

side of us at last," he is reported to have said, "and we must crush them with our numbers." With headlong haste his troops were pouring over the bridge of St. Charles, and gathering in heavy masses under the western ramparts of the town. Could numbers give assurance of success, their triumph would have been secure, for five French battalions and the armed colonial peasantry amounted in all to more than seven thousand five hundred men. Full in sight before stretched the long, thin lines of the British forces —the Highlanders, the steady soldiery of England, and the hardy levies of the provinces —less than five thousand in number, but all inured to battle, and strong in the full assurance of success.

It was nine o'clock, and the adverse armies stood motionless, each gazing on the other. The clouds hung low, and at intervals warm light showers descended besprinkling both alike. The coppice and corn-fields in front of the British troops were filled with French sharp-shooters, who kept up a distant spattering fire. Here and there a soldier fell in the ranks, and the gap was filled in silence.

At a little before ten the British could see that Montcalm was preparing to advance, and

in a few moments all his troops appeared in rapid motion. They came on in three divisions, shouting after the manner of their nation, and firing heavily as soon as they came within range. In the British ranks not a trigger was pulled, not a soldier stirred, and their ominous composure seemed to damp the spirits of the assailants. It was not till the French were within forty yards that the fatal word was given, and the British muskets blazed forth at once in one crashing explosion. Like a ship at full career arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the ranks of Montcalm staggered, shivered, and broke before that wasting storm of lead. The smoke rolling along the field for a moment shut out the view, but, when the white wreaths were scattered on the wind, a wretched spectacle was disclosed: men and officers tumbled in heaps, battalions resolved into a mob, order and obedience gone; and, when the British muskets were levelled for a second volley, the masses of the militia were seen to cower and shrink with uncontrollable panic. For a few minutes the French regulars stood their ground, returning a sharp and not ineffectual fire. But now, echoing cheer on cheer, redoubling volley on volley, tramp-

ling the dying and the dead, and driving the fugitives in crowds, the British troops advanced and swept the field before them. The ardour of the men burst all restraint. They broke into a run and with unsparing slaughter chased the flying multitude to the gates of Quebec. Foremost of all, the light-footed Highlanders dashed along in furious pursuit, hewing down the Frenchmen with their broadswords and slaying many in the very ditch of the fortifications. Never was victory more quick or more decisive.

In the short action and pursuit the French lost fifteen hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken. Of the remainder some escaped within the city, and others fled across the St. Charles to rejoin their comrades who had been left to guard the camp. The pursuers were recalled by sound of trumpet, the broken ranks were formed afresh, and the English troops withdrawn beyond reach of the cannon of Quebec. Townshend and Murray, the only general officers who remained unhurt, passed to the head of every regiment in turn and thanked the soldiers for the bravery they had shown; yet the triumph of the victors was mingled with sadness as tidings went from rank to rank that Wolfe had fallen.

In the heat of the action, as he advanced at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg, a bullet shattered his wrist, but he wrapped his handkerchief about the wound, and showed no sign of pain. A moment more and a ball pierced his side. Still he pressed forward waving his sword and cheering his soldiers to the attack, when a third shot lodged deep within his breast. He paused, reeled, and staggering to one side, fell to earth. Brown, a lieutenant of the grenadiers, Henderson, a volunteer, an officer of artillery, and a private soldier, raised him together in their arms, and bearing him to the rear laid him softly on the grass. They asked if he would have a surgeon, but he shook his head and answered that all was over with him. His eyes closed with the torpor of approaching death, and those around sustained his fainting form. Yet they could not withhold their gaze from the wild turmoil before them, and the charging ranks of their companions rushing through fire and smoke. "See how they run," one of the officers exclaimed, as the French fell in confusion before the levelled bayonets. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, opening his eyes like a man aroused from sleep. "The enemy, sir," was the reply;

"they give way everywhere." "Then," said the dying general, "tell Colonel Burton to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge. Now, God be praised, I shall die in peace," he murmured; and turning on his side he calmly breathed his last.

. . . . .

On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Canada passed for ever from the hands of its ancient masters.

PARKMAN: "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

PRAYER

MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON

THE WOUNDED GULL

Along a grim and granite shore
With children and with wife I went,
And in our face the stiff breeze bore
Salt savours and a samphire scent.

So wild the place and desolate,
That on a rock before us stood—
All upright, silent and sedate—
Of dark-gray gulls a multitude.

The children could not choose but shout
To see these lovely birds so near,
Whereat they spread their pinions out,
Yet rather in surprise than fear.

They rose and wheeled around the cape,
They shrieked and vanished in a flock;
But lo! one solitary shape
Still sentinelled the lonely rock.

The children laughed, and called it tame!
But ah! one dark and shrivelled wing
Hung by its side; the gull was lame,
A suffering and deserted thing.

With painful care it downward crept;
Its eye was on the rolling sea;
Close to our very feet, it stept
Upon the wave, and then—was free.

Right out into the east it went,
Too proud, we thought, to flap or shriek;
Slowly it steered, in wonderment
To find its enemies so meek.

Calmly it steered, and mortal dread
Disturbed nor crest nor glossy plume;
It could but die, and being dead,
The open sea should be its tomb.

We watched it till we saw it float
Almost beyond our furthest view;
It flickered like a paper boat,
Then faded in the dazzling blue.

It could but touch an English heart,
To find an English bird so brave;
Our life-blood glowed to see it start
Thus boldly on the leaguered wave.

And we shall hold, till life departs,
For flagging days when hope grows dull,
Fresh as a spring within our hearts,
The courage of the wounded gull.

EDMUND GOSSE

SCROOGE'S CHRISTMAS

(On Christmas Eve, Scrooge, "a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner," is visited by three ghosts in succession—The Ghost of Christmas Past, the Ghost of Christmas Present, and the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. The first recalled the experiences of Scrooge's youth, the second showed him Christmas as it might be spent and incidentally, too, what some people thought of him. The third showed him the "shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us." He saw himself dead, uncared for, unwept, unwatched, his effects plundered by the charwoman, laundress, and undertaker's man and realized the end to which he must come unless he led an altered life. Holding up his hands he prayed to have his fate reversed and saw the Ghost shrink and dwindle down into a bedpost.)

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own to make amends in.

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice could scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge,

folding one of his bed curtains in his arms,—"they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here,—I am here,—the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the sauce-pan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw

the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been amongst the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clang, clash, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! O, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. O, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—Not the little prize turkey, the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" said the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"WALK-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at the trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write he did, somehow, and went down-stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the Poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathlessly in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But, if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded everyone with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a

word, that three or four good-humoured fellows said: "Good-morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears. . . . .

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses and up to the windows, and found that every thing could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl! Very."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge. Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! . . . .

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "Who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did everybody when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the first thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a

half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door, his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are!" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in his waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again,—"and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking

Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A Merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavour to assist your struggling family, and we'll discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop. Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another scuttle of coal before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought

it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE!

DICKENS: "A Christmas Carol."

MOUNTAIN TORRENTS

AND you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely clad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

COLERIDGE

—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE

DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA

It was now or never for England. The scene of the action which was to decide the future of Europe was between Calais and Dunkirk, a few miles off shore, and within sight of Parma's camp. There was no more manœuvring for the weather-gage, no more fighting at long range. Drake dashed straight upon his prey as the falcon swoops upon its quarry. A chance had fallen to him which might never return; not for the vain distinction of carrying prizes into English ports, not for the ray of honour which would fall on him if he could carry off the sacred banner itself and hang it in the Abbey at Westminster; but a chance so to handle the Armada that it should never be seen again in English waters, and deal such a blow on Philip that the Spanish empire should reel with it.

The English ships had the same superiority over the galleons which steamers have now over sailing-vessels. They had twice the speed; they could lie two points nearer to the wind. Sweeping round them at cable's length, crowding them in one upon the other, yet never once giving

them a chance to grapple, they hurled in their cataracts of round shot.

Short as was the powder supply, there was no sparing it that morning. The hours went on, and still the battle raged, if battle it could be called where the blows were all dealt on one side and the suffering was all on the other.

Never on sea or land did the Spaniards show themselves worthier of their great name than on that day. But from the first they could do nothing.

It was said afterwards in Spain that the Duke showed the white feather, that he charged his pilot to keep him out of harm's way, that he shut himself up in his cabin, buried in wool packs, and so on. The Duke had faults enough, but poltroonery was not one of them. He, who till he entered the English Channel had never been in action on sea or land, found himself, as he said, in the midst of the most furious engagement recorded in the history of the world. As to being out of harm's way, the standard at his mast-head drew the hottest of the fire upon him. The *San Martin's* timbers were of oak and a foot thick, but the shot, he said, went through them enough to shatter a rock. Her deck was a slaughter-house, half his company were killed

or wounded, and no more would have been heard or seen of the *San Martin* or her commander had not Oquedo and de Leyva pushed in to the rescue and enabled him to creep away under their cover. He himself saw nothing more of the action after this. The smoke, he said, was so thick that he could make out nothing, even from his mast-head.

But all around it was but a repetition of the same scene. The Spanish shot flew high, as before, above the low English hulls, and they were themselves helpless butts to the English guns. And it is noticeable and supremely creditable to them that not a single galleon struck her colours. One of them, after a long duel with an Englishman, was on the point of sinking. An English officer, admiring the courage which the Spaniards had shown, ran out upon his bowsprit, told them that they had done all which became men, and urged them to surrender and save their lives. For answer they cursed the English for cowards and chickens because they refused to close. The officer was shot. His fall brought a last broadside on them, which finished the work. They went down, and the water closed over them. Rather death to the soldiers of the Cross than surrender to a heretic.

The deadly hail rained on. In some ships blood was seen streaming out of the scupper-holes. Yet there was no yielding; all ranks showed equal heroism.

At midday Howard came up to claim a second share in a victory which was no longer doubtful. Towards the afternoon the Spanish fire slackened. Their powder was gone, and they could make no return to the cannonade which was still overwhelming them. They admitted freely afterwards that, if the attack had continued but two hours more, they must all have struck or gone ashore. But the English magazines were empty also; the last cartridge was shot away; and the battle ended from mere inability to keep it up.

It had been fought on both sides with peculiar determination. In the English there was the accumulated resentment of thirty years of menace to their country and their creed, with the enemy in tangible shape at last to be caught and grappled with; in the Spanish, the sense that, if their cause had not brought them the help they looked for from above, the honour and faith of Castile should not suffer in their hands.

It was over. The English drew off, regretting that their thrifty mistress had limited their means of fighting for her, and so obliged them to leave their work half done.

FROUDE

MIRIAM'S SONG

(Read Exodus, XV.)

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was the arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the power of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.

Thomas Moore

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

(Read II. Kings, XIX. 35)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all
wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the
turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the
Lord!

BYRON

THE house of the wicked shall be overthrown:
But the tent of the upright shall flourish.
In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence:
And his children shall have a place of refuge.

PROVERBS

THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS

THE friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and premises. "Here we are," cried George, and his eyes glittered with innocent delight.

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and English was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze-bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak palings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation, all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned safe from overtowering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for on the oval grass-plot and gravel walk he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah, well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and indeed it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is,—there." Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What, is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but what is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"O, ay! I see! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your—cackle," cried one, "he is going to sing;" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began, as it were, to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after awhile he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one, and string them *sotto voce*.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him

here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last—amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice—out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat and gushed from him with thrilling force and purity, and every time he checked his song to think of its theme, the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well, a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Dulce domum!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and

they were full of oaths and drink and lusts and remorses,—but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine: they came back, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover field hard by in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked, the sweet hours of youth—and innocence—and home.

CHARLES READE: "It is Never too Late to Mend."

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
  Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
  That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
  Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
  Of being independent.

BURNS

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE king sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee,—
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea."

The king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, this time o' the
year,
To sail upon the sea?

Be 't wind, be 't weet, be 't hail, be 't
sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monenday
morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say,—

"Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's
goud,
And a' our queenis fee."
"Ye lee, ye lee, ye lears loud!
Fu ' loud I hear ye lee!

For I brought as mickle white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red
goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry
men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn."
"Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm!
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league, but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam' o'er the broken
ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

"O whare will I get a gude sailor,
To tak' my helm in hand,
Till I gae up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak' the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall topmast;
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam' in.

"Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And letna the sea come in."

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Anither o' the twine,
And they wapped them roun' that gude
ship's side,
But still the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!

But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

O lang, lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see na mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

OLD BALLAD

THE ROMANCE OF MARQUIS WHEAT

CHAPTER I

ABOUT seventy years ago there lived in the township of Otonabee, not far from the city of Peterborough, a farmer named David Fife. Like all good farmers he was anxious to produce better crops, and he thought that by trying new kinds of seed he might find a better variety of

wheat than he and his neighbours were growing. So he wrote to a friend in the city of Glasgow and asked him to send out some samples of the different kinds of wheat that were being brought in from Europe.

It happened that when his friend received this letter, a shipload of wheat had just arrived from Danzig, a city on the Baltic Sea; and he decided to send out a small quantity of seed from this cargo. When Farmer Fife received this wheat, he was puzzled to know what to do, for he was not sure whether it was fall wheat or spring wheat. However, he decided to plant a part of it that spring and see what would happen. But, as ill-luck would have it, it turned out to be fall wheat, and of course it did not ripen.

There was, however, among the wheat that he sowed, a single kernel of spring wheat, which came from no one knew where; and from this single grain or kernel there grew three heads of wheat, which ripened and produced a small handful of kernels of hard red grain. Farmer Fife saved them and planted them next spring. This time fortune seemed to be on his side; for while all the rest of the crop was badly rusted, the wheat in this little plot was quite free from rust.

He kept on planting it from year to year, until there was enough of the new wheat to grind and make into flour. Then came the real test: for if wheat does not produce good flour which will in turn make good bread, it is not worth growing. But the new wheat stood the test. Both the flour and the bread were excellent, and it proved, besides, to have many other good qualities.

Before long Farmer Fife was able to sell seed wheat to his neighbours; and within a few years Red Fife, as it came to be called, was in constant demand. Within twenty or thirty years from the time when the first kernel was sown, Red Fife was grown far and wide in the great plains of the West, and for nearly half a century it held its place as the finest spring wheat in the markets of the world.

But in spite of its great success the origin of Red Fife was still a mystery. Where did that single kernel of spring wheat come from in the first place? No one knew, and the mystery was not solved for nearly seventy years. Then it was discovered that in Galicia in Austria, three hundred miles from the sea-coast, a variety of wheat was grown which was exactly the same as Red Fife. It was a long journey from Galicia to Danzig, from Danzig to Glasgow, and from

Glasgow to the pioneer farm in the township of Otonabee; but the single kernel of Red Fife, or Galician, wheat had travelled all that way by land and sea to find a new home and establish a new family in the great prairies of the new world.

Chapter II

The second chapter of our romance opens in the Canadian West in the wheat-fields of the northern prairies where Red Fife was grown. It is the latter part of August. The harvest is ripening, and the panorama of golden wheat-fields is a glorious sight—one of the most glorious in the world. In another ten days the wheat will be ripe—just another ten days! It is so very short a time, but the wheat is not yet ready; and before it can be cut there comes a blighting frost. In a single night the wheat crop is ruined, and the whole year's labour is lost. On farm after farm the wheat is frozen and is left to stand in the fields uncut. Red Fife is an excellent wheat, but the harvest has come just ten days too late, and in the years of early frosts ten days means everything.

When the frost ruined their crops, the farmers grumbled —and who could blame them? "If it

were only possible," they said, "to find a wheat as good as Red Fife in other ways, that would ripen just a little earlier!"

In the city of Ottawa there was a man who set himself to work to try to solve this problem. He was Dr. William Saunders, Director of the Dominion Experimental Farm. Dr. Saunders gathered samples of wheat from different parts of the world and grew them in a number of small plots side by side with Red Fife, so that he might be able to compare the different varieties. He found that there were many different kinds of wheat that ripened early, but they did not make good flour, and of course they could not take the place of Red Fife. But supposing some of these early wheats were crossed with Red Fife, what would happen?

In a large family of boys and girls there are always differences in the children, and sometimes one of the children has all the good qualities of both his father and his mother, and none of their defects. It was a wheat child such as this that Dr. Saunders wished to find; so he began to "cross" Red Fife with different kinds of early wheat, in the hope of finding it.

When two varieties of wheat are crossed, there is a large family of new plants no two of which are

alike; and where a great many crosses are made, it takes a long time to try out all the different varieties that are produced in this way.

Dr. Saunders and his assistants carried out tests during several years, and from the families which had resulted from cross-breeding, he selected the most promising varieties. But with each succeeding year he had to give an increasing amount of time to other duties, and in the course of a few years he was forced to discontinue his experiments. Year after year, however, the different wheats that had been produced by cross-breeding were sown in plots, in the hope that sooner or later some one might be able to continue the work.

Chapter III

The third chapter of our romance opens in Ottawa in the year 1903, when Dr. Charles Saunders, a son of Dr. William Saunders, was appointed to carry on the work of wheat-breeding at the Dominion Experimental Farm. Dr. Charles Saunders was a skilled scientist, but for some years he had devoted most of his time to music. When he came to Ottawa, his first task was to examine all the varieties of wheat that had

resulted from previous "crossing," and to select those which were best. In making this selection he had to observe, in the case of each variety, whether it ripened early or late, whether the stalks were short or long, whether the yield of wheat was large or small, whether it was free from rust, whether the wheat was likely to shell too easily, whether it produced a large percentage of flour, whether the flour was white or yellow in colour, and whether it had gluten enough to form bread of a good quality.

One of the kinds of wheat which had been "crossed" with Red Fife was an early-ripening variety from India, called Hard Red Calcutta; and it was one of the children of this family that Dr. Charles Saunders finally selected as the best. From the plot containing this variety the best plant was chosen, and in the year 1904, the best seeds from this plant, only twelve seeds in all, were sown. When harvest time came, it was found that the new wheat ripened nearly a week earlier than Red Fife; and when enough of it was grown to test it, it proved to be even better than Dr. Saunders had expected. It had a much larger yield than Red Fife, and at the same time it produced much better flour and bread.

The Epilogue

At the close of a romance there is often what is called an Epilogue—a very short chapter which tells what happened in later years. The Epilogue to this romance would tell of the great wheat-fields of the West in which, before the war, the new and better wheat known as Marquis came to be grown. It would tell, too, of the great shiploads of Marquis wheat that crossed the ocean to feed the soldiers—the finest wheat in the world. And for the years after the war, it would give a picture of miles upon miles of ripening wheat, and elevators choked to over-flowing with golden grain. In a single year there have been grown in the Canadian West more than four hundred million bushels of Marquis wheat!

When Farmer Fife planted the seed wheat, nearly a hundred years ago, he little dreamed that from a single kernel there should spring the over-flowing harvests that have helped to fill the granaries of the world.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

O. J. Stevenson

CHRISTMAS

A BOY was born at Bethlehem
That knew the haunts of Galilee.
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
And learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,
And love the homely faces there;
And for all other men besides
'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,
My own dear downs, my comrades true.
But that great heart of Bethlehem,
He died for men he never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
They saw with love most passionate
The village street at Nazareth.

E. HILTON YOUNG

IT is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

AMIEL

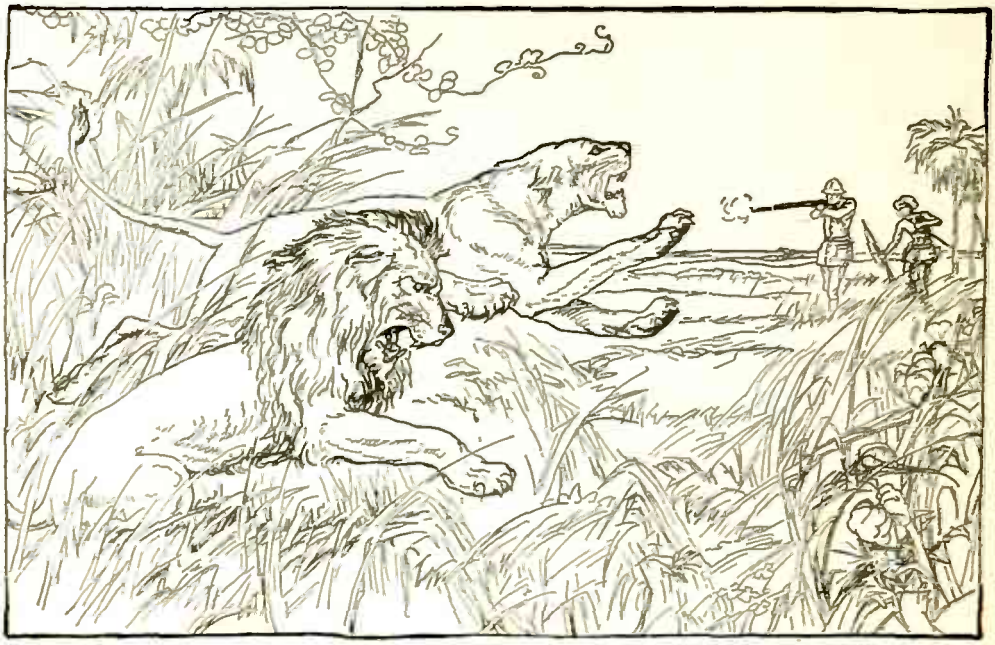
THE MAN WHO SINGS

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

Thomas Carlyle

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere;
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home.

John Howard Payne



A LION HUNT

In the closing years of the last century, Colonel J. H. Patterson, an engineer in the employment of the British government, was engaged in superintending the construction of a railway in Uganda, on the east coast of Africa.

Uganda was in a wild and primitive state. On each side of the new railway line stretched vast jungles and grass plains, where lived innumerable interesting animals—zebra, giraffe, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, eland, and many species of deer, as well as leopards and lions which preyed upon them.

Into the camps of the Hindu labourers who were making the railway the lions stealthily penetrated night after night, their presence first revealed by the shrieks of the victims whom they carried off. The coolies were terrorized, and in their panic, work came almost to a standstill. Pity and interest both forced Colonel Patterson to become a nightly lion-hunter—the most successful, probably, on record. In his book, *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo*, he gives the following account of one of his adventures almost in these words:

"As with my Indian gun-bearer, Mahina, I was making my way toward our camp, I observed something of a reddish colour moving in a patch of long grass a good distance in front. Before I could get my field-glasses to bear, the animal, whatever it was, had disappeared into the grass. I kept my eye on the spot, and we gradually approached it. When about a hundred yards off, the reddish object again appeared; it was the shaggy head of a lion peeping over the grass. This time Mahina also saw what it was. I whispered to him to keep quiet whilst we edged up toward the beast, which lay grimly watching us. I asked Mahina in a whisper if he felt equal to facing a charge from the lion if

I should wound it. He answered simply that where I went, there he would go also; and right well he kept his word.

"It was a fascinating sight to see how the lion would slowly raise his massive head above the top of the grass and gaze calmly at us as we neared him. Unfortunately, I could not distinguish the outline of his body, hidden as it was in the grassy thicket. I therefore circled cautiously round, in order to see if the cover was sufficiently thin at the back to make a shoulder-shot possible, but, as we moved, the lion also twisted round, and so always kept his head full on us. When I had described a half-circle, I found that the grass was no thinner and that my chances of a shot had not improved.

"We were now within seventy yards of the lion, which appeared to take the greater interest in us the closer we approached. He had lost the sleepy look with which he had at first regarded us, and was now fully on the alert; but still he did not give me the impression that he meant to charge, and no doubt, if we had not provoked him, he would have allowed us to depart in peace.

"I, however, was bent on war, in spite of the risk which one must always run in attacking a

lion at such close quarters on an open plain as flat as the palm of the hand. In a standing position I took careful aim at his head and fired. The distance was a bare seventy yards, yet I must confess to a disgraceful miss. More astonishing still, the beast made not the slightest movement, but continued his steadfast questioning gaze.

"Again I took aim, this time for a spot below the tip of the nose. Again I fired. The lion took a complete somersault over his tail. I thought he was done for, but he instantly sprang to his feet again; and to my horror and amazement, was joined by a lioness whose presence I had not even suspected.

"Both made a most determined charge on us, bounding along at a great pace and roaring angrily as they came. I told Mahina for his life not to make the slightest movement. In a twinkling the two beasts had covered about forty yards of the distance toward us. I thought we had given the experiment of remaining motionless a fair trial, and was just about to raise the rifle as a last resort, when suddenly the wounded lion stopped, staggered, and fell to the ground.

"The lioness took a couple of bounds nearer

to us, and then, to my unmeasured relief, turned round to look for her mate, who by this time had managed to get on his feet again. There they both stood, growling viciously and lashing their tails, for what appeared to me a succession of ages. Then the lioness made up her mind to go back to the lion, and they both stood broadside on, with their heads close together and turned toward us, snarling in a most aggressive manner. Had either of us moved hand or foot, it would have at once brought on another, and, probably, fatal charge.

"I had, of course, a great opportunity of dropping both; but I confess I did not feel equal to it. Just at this juncture the lion seemed to grow suddenly weak. He staggered some ten yards back toward his lair and fell to the ground. The lioness followed and lay down beside him—both still watching us and growling savagely. After a few seconds the lion struggled to his feet again and retreated still further, the lioness accompanying him, until he fell once more.

"A third time the same thing took place, and I began to breathe more freely. Accordingly, I took a shot at the lioness, as she lay beside her mate partially concealed in the long grass. I

do not think that I hit her, but she made off, bounding away at a great rate on emerging into the open. As for the wounded lion, I put a bullet through his spine, and he never moved after."

LIEUT.-COL. J. H. PATTERSON:
"The Man-Eaters of Tsavo."
(Adapted)

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

KEATS

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA

Ere yet I saw the wild magnificence,
Which Nature here with peerless pomp unveils,
A solemn sound—a stern and sullen roar—
By which the earth was tremulously thrilled—
Kindled a flush of deep, expectant joy,
Quickening the pulses of my throbbing heart,
And tingling through my veins like fire. But now,
While standing on this rocky ledge, above
The vast abyss, which yawns beneath my feet,
In silent awe and rapture, face to face
With this bright vision of unearthly glory,
Which dwarfs all human pageantry and power,
This spot to me is Nature's holiest temple.
The sordid cares, the jarring strifes, and vain
Delights of earth are stilled. The hopes and joys
That gladden selfish hearts seem nothing here.

The massy rocks that sternly tower aloft,
And stem the fury of the wrathful tide—
The impetuous leap of the resistless flood,
An avalanche of foaming, curbless rage—
The silent hills, God's tireless sentinels—

The wild and wondrous beauty of thy face,
Which foam and spray for ever shroud, as if
Like thy Creator, God, thy glorious face
No mortal eye may see unveiled and live—
Are earthly signatures of power divine.
O! what are grandest works of mortal art,
Column, or arch, or vast cathedral dome,
To these majestic foot-prints of our God!

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART

THE CRUSADER AND THE SARACEN

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

"In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on

the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe; perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half-elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head.

As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop

to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that, if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this

illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of the reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with

missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of

which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders; "Wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

SCOTT: "The Talisman."

LOVE as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous: not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing.

For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile:

Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it.

For the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.

And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?

I. PETER, III.

STORM IN THE ALPS

THE sky is changed! — And such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

BYRON: "Childe Harold."

THOU MUST BE TRUE THYSELF

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach!
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR

WORK AND WAGES

THERE will always be a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and, more or less, cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; just as it is for him to make his dinner the

principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthily-minded people like making money—ought to like it, and to enjoy the sensation of winning it: but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen. They like pew-rents, and baptismal fees, of course; but yet, if they are brave and well-educated, the pew-rent is not the sole object of their lives, and the baptismal fee is not the sole purpose of the baptism; the clergyman's object is essentially to baptize and preach, not to be paid for preaching. So of doctors. They like fees no doubt,—ought to like them; yet if they are brave and well-educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and,—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them—would rather cure their patient, and lose their fee, than kill him, and get it. And so with all other brave

and rightly-trained men; their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still *second*. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work is first, and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is the whole distinction in a man; distinction between life and death *in* him, between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve two masters:—you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But, if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil but the lowest of devils—the 'least erected fiend that fell.' So there you have it in brief terms; Work first—you are God's servants; Fee first—you are the Fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written, 'King of Kings,' and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written, 'Slave of Slaves,' and whose service is perfect slavery.

RUSKIN

UNTRODDEN WAYS

WHERE close the curving mountains drew
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue,
Reflected in its placid face,

The ploughman stopped his team, to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

His glossy horses mildly stand
With wonder in their patient eyes,
As through the tranquil mountain land
The snorting monster onward flies.

The morning freshness is on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams;
The wayfarers, all soiled and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams:—

O for the joyous mountain air!
The long, delightful autumn day
Among the hills!—the ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some fair, enchanted land;

Where day by day no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With plough and furrows left behind!

Even so to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon *the page we do not know!*

AGNES MAULE MACHAR

THE FIRST PLOUGHING

CALLS the crow from the pine-tree top
When the April air is still.
He calls to the farmer hitching his team
In the farmyard under the hill.
"Come up," he cries, "come out and come up,
For the high field's ripe to till.
Don't wait for word from the dandelion
Or leave from the daffodil."

Cheeps the flycatcher—"Here old earth
Warms up in the April sun;
And the first ephemera, wings yet wet,
From the mould creep one by one.
Under the fence where the flies frequent
Is the earliest gossamer spun.
Come up from the damp of the valley lands,
For here the winter's done."

Whistles the high-hole out of the grove
His summoning loud and clear:
"Chilly it may be down your way
But the high south field has cheer.
On the sunward side of the chestnut stump
The woodgrubs wake and appear.
Come out to your ploughing, come up to your ploughing,
The time for ploughing is here."

Then dips the coulter and drives the share,
And the furrows faintly steam.
The crow drifts furtively down from the pine
To follow the clanking team.
The flycatcher tumbles, the high-hole darts
In the young noon's yellow gleam;
And wholesome sweet the smell of the sod
Upturned from its winter's dream.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

"THE day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged."

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the same instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

"An your highness were to hang me," said Hubert, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and making the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country, and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this, observing that to ask a good woodman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For my own part" he said, "and in the land where I was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear bow and quiver before a king."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

SCOTT: "Ivanhoe."

IN NOVEMBER

THE hills and leafless forests slowly yield
To the thick-driving snow. A little while
And night shall darken down. In shouting file
The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-wheeled,
Past the thin fading stubbles, half-concealed,
Now golden-gray, sowed softly through with snow,
Where the last ploughman follows still his row,
Turning black furrows through the whitening field.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

AUTUMN WOODS

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at play
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet:
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright,
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen
And glimmerings of the sun.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy coloured shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

BRYANT

"GENTLEMEN, THE KING!"

WHEN I was a child and knelt on a big hassock in the rectory pew of a Suffolk church, I used to wonder, whilst flies droned against the green-tinted, diamond-paned windows, and the crowing of roosters came with the drowsy sunshine

through the open door, whether the dear sad-faced lady in a widow's cap, whose picture hung in our nursery above the gray rocking-horse, knew that my father was praying for her.

I used to wonder, too, whether she ever reflected how, at that particular moment, from one end of England to the other, men were breathing her woman's name into the hearing of the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, the only Ruler of princes. How wonderful for that little lady to think of this universal supplication—how humbling, how uplifting! Did she bow her head very low, I wondered, as the prayer of England rose in the hush of those Sabbath morns from city and town, from village and hamlet—the voice of her great little England approaching the confidence of God on her behalf.

"Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, and so replenish her with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that she may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Endue her plenteously with heavenly gifts; grant her in health and wealth long to live; strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies; and finally, after this life, she may attain everlasting joy and felicity."

The innocent wonder of childhood lies far behind me on the dusty road of life. He who prayed and she for whom he prayed have both out-soared the shadow of our night. Other children play in that Suffolk glebe, a different voice wakes the Sabbath echoes in that village church, and another inhabits the majestic splendour of the throne of England.

Here in Canada, far away in the West, with the croon of the Pacific Ocean in my ears and the scents of a deep, cool pine forest stealing into the candles through the opening of a tent, I find my wonderment following the ancient trail of a far-away childhood. Does Edward the Seventh, I asked myself, ever reflect that in all the zones of the world, night after night, year in, year out, at the old familiar call "Gentlemen, the King!"—men of Shakespeare's blood and Alfred's lineage spring to their feet, as at the sound of a trumpet, and the local welkin rings with the anthem of the British. Is he conscious, wheresoever he be at this moment, of the low, strong, rumbling Amen of our anthem, which rolls through the tent as we set down our glasses and resume our chairs—"The King!—God bless him!" Every night, in every quarter of the globe, as constant as the stars, as strong

as the mountains, this pledge of loyalty, this profession of faith by the clean-hearted British—"The King!—God bless him!"

Presently the chairman rises to propose another toast, but my thoughts cling to the ancient trail. I see a vision of Windsor Castle, with the Royal Standard streaming out against a sky of summer turquoise, exactly as it shone for my boyish eyes in a box of bricks. The fragrance of England's may-breathing hedgerows and the deep earthy scents of her glimmering woods of oak and elm, come to me from the fields of memory. All that makes England demi-paradise—her rose-hung hedges, her green woods, her creeping rivers, her April orchards, and her March-blown hills—all this gracious pageantry rises in a green and tender mirage to the eyes of my musing.

And as I feel the spell and magic of "this other Eden," I feel also the pomp and splendour of the British throne, I understand how it is that, whithersoever I go in Canada, men stand up like soldiers at the toast of the King, and, though but a moment before they were laughing over a story, sing with exaltation the anthem of the British: "The King!—God bless him!"

HAROLD BEGBIE

AFTON WATER

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills,
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;

There, oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BURNS

DAVID COPPERFIELD'S FIRST JOURNEY ALONE

I SLEPT soundly until we got to Yarmouth and drove to the inn yard. A lady looked out of a bow-window where some fowls and joints of meat were hanging up, and said:

"Is that the little gentleman from Blunderstone?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

The lady then rang a bell and called out: "William! show the coffee-room!" upon which a waiter came running out of a kitchen on the opposite side of the yard to show it, and seemed a good deal surprised when he found he was only to show it to me.

It was a large, long room with some large maps in it. I doubt if I could have felt much stranger if the maps had been real foreign countries, and I cast away in the middle of them. I felt it was taking a liberty to sit down, with my cap in my hand, on the corner of the chair nearest the door; and when the waiter laid a cloth on purpose for me, and put a set of casters on it, I think I must have turned red all over with modesty.

He brought me some chops, and vegetables, and took the covers off in such a bouncing manner that I was afraid I must have given him some offence. But he greatly relieved my mind by putting a chair for me at the table, and saying, very affably: "Now, six-foot! come on!"

I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it extremely difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with the gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so hard, and

making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye. After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?"

I thanked him and said "Yes." Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"My eye!" he said. "It seems a good deal, don't it?"

"It does seem a good deal," I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"There was a gentleman here, yesterday," he said—"a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him."

"No," I said, "I don't think—"

"In breeches and gaiters, broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, speckled choker," said the waiter.

"No," I said, bashfully, "I haven't the pleasure—"

"He came in here," said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, "ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn; that's the fact."

I was very much shocked to hear of this melancholy accident, and said I thought I had better have some water.

"Why, you see," said the waiter, still looking at the light through the tumbler, with one of his eyes shut up, "our people don't like things being ordered and left. It offends 'em. But *I'll* drink it, if you like. I'm used to it, and use is everything. I don't think it'll hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?"

I replied that he would much oblige me by drinking it, if he thought he could do it safely, but by no means otherwise. When he did throw his head back and take it off quick, I had a horrible fear, I confess, of seeing him meet the fate of the lamented Mr. Topsawyer, and fall lifeless on the carpet. But it didn't hurt him. On the contrary, I thought he seemed the fresher for it.

"What have we got here?" he said, putting a fork into my dish. "Not chops?"

"Chops," I said.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know they were chops. Why, a chop's the very thing to take off the bad effects of that beer! Ain't it lucky?"

So he took a chop by the bone in one hand, and a potato in the other, and ate away with a very good appetite, to my extreme satisfaction. He afterwards took another chop, and another potato; and after that another chop, and another potato. When he had done, he brought me a pudding, and having set it before me, seemed to ruminate, and to become absent in his mind for some moments.

"How's the pie?" he said, rousing himself.

"It's a pudding," I made answer.

"Pudding!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me, so it is! What!" looking at it nearer. "You don't mean to say it's a batter-pudding?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"Why, a batter-pudding," he said, taking up a table-spoon, "it's my favourite pudding! Ain't that lucky? Come on, little 'un, and let's see who'll get most."

The waiter certainly got most. He entreated me more than once to come in and win, but what with his table-spoon to my tea-spoon, his

despatch to my despatch, and his appetite to my appetite, I was left far behind at the first mouthful, and had no chance with him. I never saw any one enjoy a pudding so much, I think; and he laughed, when it was all gone, as if his enjoyment of it lasted still.

Finding him so very friendly and companionable, it was then that I asked for the pen and ink and paper, to write to Peggoty. He not only brought it immediately, but was good enough to look over me while I wrote the letter. When I had finished it, he asked me where I was going to school.

I said: "Near London," which was all I knew.

"Oh! my eye!" he said, looking very low-spirited, "I am sorry for that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Oh!" he said, shaking his head, "that's the school where they broke the boy's ribs—two ribs—a little boy he was. I should say he was —let me see—how old are you, about?"

I told him between eight and nine.

"That's just his age," he said. "He was eight years and six months old when they broke his first rib; eight years and eight months old when they broke his second, and did for him."

I could not disguise from myself, or from the

waiter, that this was an uncomfortable coincidence, and inquired how it was done. His answer was not cheering to my spirits, for it consisted of two dismal words, "With whopping."

The blowing of the coach-horn in the yard was a seasonable diversion, which made me get up and hesitatingly inquire, in the mingled pride and diffidence of having a purse (which I took out of my pocket), if there were anything to pay.

"There's a sheet of letter-paper," he returned. "Did you ever buy a sheet of letter-paper?"

I could not remember that I ever had.

"It's dear," he said, "on account of the duty. Threepence. That's the way we're taxed in this country. There's nothing else, except the waiter. Never mind the ink! *I* lose by that."

"What should you—what should I—how much ought I to—what would it be right to pay the waiter, if you please?" I stammered, blushing.

"If I hadn't a family, and that family hadn't the cowpock," said the waiter, "I wouldn't take a sixpence. If I didn't support a aged pairint, and a lovely sister,"—here the waiter was greatly agitated—"I wouldn't take a farthing.

If I had a good place, and was treated well here, I should beg acceptance of a trifle, instead of taking of it. But I live on broken wittles—and I sleep on the coals"—here the waiter burst into tears.

I was very much concerned for his misfortunes, and felt that any recognition short of ninepence would be mere brutality and hardness of heart. Therefore I gave him one of my three bright shillings, which he received with much humility and veneration, and spun up with his thumb, directly afterwards, to try the goodness of.

It was a little disconcerting to me, to find, when I was being helped up behind the coach, that I was supposed to have eaten all the dinner without any assistance. I discovered this, from overhearing the lady in the bow-window say to the guard: "Take care of that child, George, or he'll burst!" and from observing that the women-servants who were about the place came out to look and giggle at me as a young phenomenon. My unfortunate friend, the waiter, who had quite recovered his spirits, did not appear to be disturbed by this, but joined in the general admiration without being at all confused. If I had any doubt of him, I suppose this half-

awakened it; but I am inclined to believe that, with the simple confidence and natural reliance of a child upon superior years (qualities I am very sorry any children should prematurely change for worldly wisdom), I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole, even then.

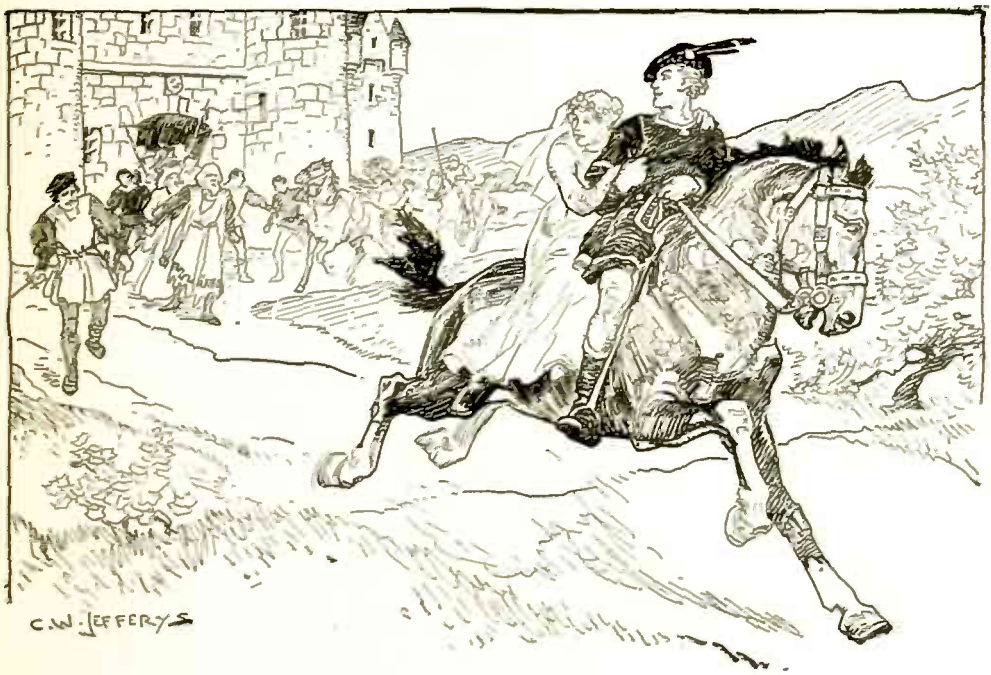
DICKENS: "David Copperfield."

LOCHINVAR

OH! young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.



So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

"Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely
by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it
up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could
bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar?

SCOTT

COUNTRY LIFE IN CANADA IN THE "THIRTIES"

COUNTRY life in Western Canada in the "Thirties" was very simple and uneventful. There were no lines of social division such as now exist. All alike had to toil to win and maintain a home; and if, as was natural, some were more successful in the rough battle of pioneer life than others, they did not feel, on that account, disposed to treat their neighbours as their inferiors. Neighbours, they well knew, were too few and too desirable to be coldly and haughtily treated. Had not all the members of each community hewn their way side by side into the fastnesses of the Canadian bush? And what could a little additional wealth do for them, when the remoteness of the centres which might supply luxuries; enforced simplicity and made superfluities almost impossible?

The furnishings of their houses were plain, and the chief articles of dress, if substantial and comfortable, were of coarse homespun—the product of their own labour. The sources of amusement were limited. The day of the harmonium or piano had not come. Music, except in its simplest vocal form, was not cultivated; only the occasional presence of some fiddler afforded rare seasons of merriment to the delight both of old and young.

The motto of "Early to bed and early to rise" was, even in winter, the strict rule of family life. In the morning all were up, and breakfast was over usually before seven. As soon as the gray light of dawn appeared, men and boys were off to the barns, not merely to feed the cattle but to engage in the needful and tedious labour of threshing by hand. In the evenings the family gathered together for lighter tasks and pleasant talk around a glowing fire. In firewood, at least, there was, in those days, no need for economy.

We scarcely realize how largely little things may contribute to convenience and comfort. There were no lucifer matches at that date. It was needful to cover up carefully the live coals on the hearth before going to bed, so that there

might be the means of starting the fire in the morning. This precaution was rarely unsuccessful; but sometimes a member of the family had to set out for a supply of fire from a neighbour's, in order that breakfast might be prepared. I remember well having to crawl out of my warm nest and run through the keen frosty air for half a mile or more, to fetch live coals from a neighbour's. It was, however, my father's practice to keep bundles of finely split pine sticks tipped with brimstone. With the aid of these, the merest spark served to start the fire.

In the spring, tasks of various kinds crowded rapidly upon us. The hams and beef that had been salted down in casks during the preceding autumn were taken out of the brine, washed off, and hung in the smoke-house. On the earthen floor beech or maple was burned; the oily smoke, given off by the combustion of these woods in a confined space, not only acted as a preservative but also lent a special flavour to the meat. Then ploughing, fencing, sowing, and planting followed in quick succession. No hands could be spared. The children must drive the cows to and from pasture. They must also take a hand at churning. It was a weary task, I well remember, to stand, perhaps for an

hour, and drive the dasher up and down through the thick cream. How often did we examine the handle for evidence that the butter was forming, and what was the relief when the monotonous task was at an end. As soon as my legs were long enough, I had to follow a team; indeed, I drove the horses, mounted on the back of one of them, when my nether limbs were scarcely sufficiently grown to give me a grip.

The instruments for the agricultural operations were few and rough. Iron ploughs with cast-iron mould-boards and shares were commonly employed. Compared with our modern ploughs, they were clumsy things, but a vast improvement on the earlier wooden ploughs which, even at that date, had not wholly gone out of use. For drags, tree-tops were frequently used.

In June came sheep-washing. The sheep were driven to the bay shore and secured in a pen. One by one they were taken out, and the fleeces carefully washed. Within a day or two, shearing followed in the barn. The wool was sorted; some was reserved to be carded by hand; the remainder was sent to the mills to be turned into rolls. Then, day after day, for weeks, the noise of the spinning-wheel was

heard, accompanied by the steady beat of the girls' feet,as they walked forward and backward drawing out and twisting the thread and running it on the spindle. This was work that required some skill, for on the fineness and evenness of the thread the character of the fabric largely depended. Finally, the yarn was carried to the weavers to be converted into cloth.

The women of the family found their hands very full in the "Thirties." Besides the daily round of housewifely cares, every season brought its special duties. There were wild strawberries and raspberries to be picked and prepared for daily consumption, or to be preserved for winter use. Besides milking, there was the making both of butter and cheese. There was no nurse to take care of the children, no cook to prepare the dinner. To be sure, in households when the work was beyond the powers of the family, the daughter of some neighbour might come as a helper. Though hired, she was treated in all respects as one of the family, and in return was likely to take the same sort of interest in the work,as if the tie that bound her to the family was closer than wages. In truth, such help was regarded as a favour, and not as in any way affecting the girl's social position.

The girls in those days were more at home in a kitchen than in a drawing-room. They did better execution at a tub than at a spinet, and could handle a rolling-pin more satisfactorily than a sketch-book. At a pinch, they could even use a rake or fork to good purpose in field or barn. Their finishing education was received at the country school along with their brothers. Of fashion books and milliners, few of them had any experiences.

Country life in Canada was plodding in the "Thirties" and there was no varied outlook. The girls' training for future life was mainly at the hands of their mothers; the boys followed in the footsteps of their fathers. Neither sex felt that life was cramped or burdensome on that account. They were content to live as their parents had done. And though we can see that, as compared with later conditions, there may be something wanting in such an existence, this at least we know, that, in such a school and by such masters, the foundations of Canadian character and prosperity were laid.

CANNIFF HAIGHT; "Country Life in Canada in the 'Thirties'."
(Adapted)

HE who knows most grieves most for wasted time.

DANTE

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You scarcely could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

THE TWO PATHS

HEAR, O my son, and receive my sayings;
And the years of thy life shall be many.
I have taught thee in the way of wisdom;
I have led thee in paths of uprightness.
When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened;
And if thou runnest, thou shalt not stumble.
Take fast hold of instruction;
Let her not go:
Keep her;
For she is thy life.

Enter not into the Path of the Wicked,
And walk not in the way of evil men.
Avoid it,
Pass not by it;
Turn from it,
And pass on.
For they sleep not, except they have done mischief;
And their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.
For they eat the bread of wickedness,
And drink the wine of violence.

But the Path of the Righteous is as the light
of dawn,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect
day.
The way of the wicked is as darkness:
They know not at what they stumble.

PROVERBS, IV.

THE FIGHT WITH APOLLYON

THEN Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said: "I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die, for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul;" and with that, he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian

had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and his foot; this made Christian give a little back. Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain; and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know, that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand.

Then said Apollyon: "I am sure of thee now;" and with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I

fall, I shall arise;" and with that, gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight, and he spake like a dragon. And on the other side, what groans and sighs burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile, and look upward: but 'twas the dreadfullest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said: "I will here give thanks to Him that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion; to Him that did help me against Apollyon."

Then there came to him an hand, with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he

had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread and to drink of the bottle that was given to him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand, for he said: "I know not but some other enemy may be at hand." But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through the valley.

BUNYAN: "Pilgrim's Progress."

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm ;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

TENNYSON

PROVIDENCE

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

COWPER

MOSES' BARGAINS

"My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business," says the Vicar, "received a sort of miscellaneous education at home."

As we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this

commission ; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair— trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins.

The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him: "Good luck, good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

As night came on, I began to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings, and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them into the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

GOLDSMITH: "The Vicar of Wakefield."

THE MAPLE

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
The elms toss high till they reach the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches,
But the tree I love all the greenwood above
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
Or the late-leaved linden in summer;
There's a word may be for the locust tree,
That delicate, strange new-comer;
But the maple it glows with the tint of the rose
When pale are the spring-time regions,
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
The advance of Winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
Than its summer canopy sifted,
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
Has my memory backward drifted
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
Leading over a fresh, green hill,
Where a maple stood just clear of the wood—
And oh! to be near it still!

Charles G. D. Roberts

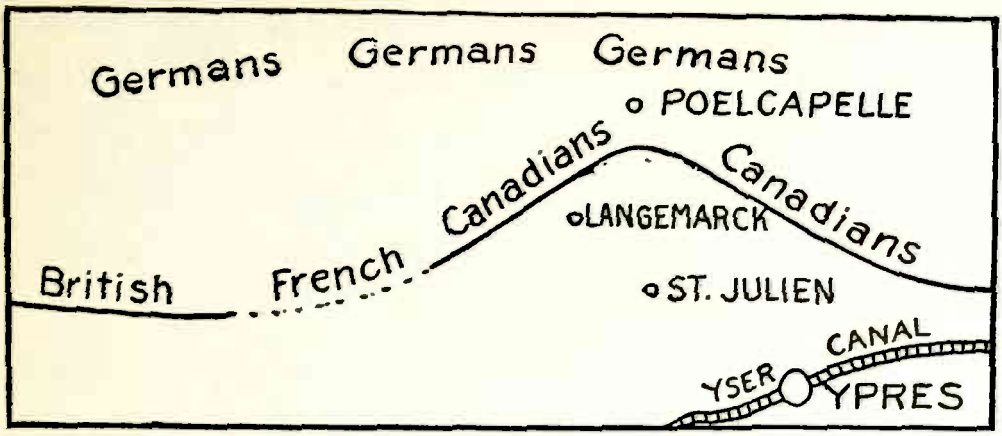
"CANADIANS—CANADIANS —THAT'S ALL!"

April 22, 1915

THE night of April twenty-second was probably the most momentous time of the six days and nights of fighting. Then the Germans concentrated on the Yser Canal, over which there was but one bridge, a murderous barrage fire, which would have effectively hindered the bringing up of reinforcements or guns, even had we had any in reserve.

During the early stages of the battle the enemy had succeeded to a considerable degree in turning the Canadian left wing. There was a large open gap at this point, where the French Colonial troops had stood until the gas came over. Towards this sector the Germans rushed rank after rank of infantry, backed by guns and heavy artillery. To the far distant left were our British comrades. They were completely blocked by the German advance. They were like rats in a trap and could not move.

At the start of the battle, the Canadian lines ran from the village of Langemarck over to St. Julien—a distance of approximately three to



four miles. From St. Julien to the sector where the Imperial British had joined the Turcos was a distance of probably two miles.

These two miles had to be covered and covered quickly. We had to save the British extreme right wing, and we had to close the gap. There was no question about it. It was our job. On the night of April the twenty-second we commenced to put this into effect.

We were still holding our original position with the handful of men who were in reserves, all of whom had been included in the original grand total of twelve thousand. We had to spread out across the gap of two miles and link up the British right wing. Doing this was no easy task. Our company was out first, and we were told to get into field-skirmishing order. We lined up in the pitchy darkness at five paces apart, but no sooner had we reached this than a

whispered order passed from man to man: "Another pace, lads, just another pace." This order came again and yet again. Before we were through and ready for the command to advance, we were at least twice five paces each man from his nearest comrade.

Then it was that our Captain told us bluntly that we were obviously outnumbered by the Germans, ten to one. Then he told us that, practically speaking, we had scarcely the ghost of a chance, but that a bluff might succeed. And it did—for by dint of yelling, hooting, shouting, clamouring, it seemed, and the enemy believed, that we were ten to their one.

At daybreak, when we rested, we found that we had driven the enemy back almost to his original position. All night long we had been fighting with our backs to our comrades who were in the front trenches. The enemy had got behind us, and we had had to face about in what served for trenches. By dawn we had him back again in his original position, and we were facing in the old direction. By dawn we had almost, though not quite, forced a junction with the British right.

The night of April the twenty-second is one that I can never forget. It was frightful, yes.

Yet there was a grandeur in the appalling intensity of living, in the appalling intensity of death as it surrounded us.

The German shells rose and burst behind us. They made the Yser Canal a stream of molten glory. Shells fell in the city and split the darkness of the heavens in the early night hours. Later, the moon rose in the splendour of springtime. Straight behind the tower of the great cathedral it rose and shone down on a bloody earth.

Suddenly the grand old Cloth Hall burst into flames. The spikes of fire rose and fell and rose again. Showers of sparks went upward. A pall

of smoke would form and cloud the moon, waver, break, and pass. There was the mutter and rumble and roar of great guns. . . . .

It was glorious. It was terrible. It was inspiring. Through an inferno of destruction and death . . . we lived because we must.

Perhaps our greatest reward came when on April twenty-sixth the English troops reached us. We had been completely cut off by the enemy barrage from all communication with other sectors of the line. Still, through the wounded who had gone back, word of our stand had drifted out. The English boys fought and force-marched and fought again their terrible way through the barrage to our aid, and when they arrived, weary and worn and torn, cutting their bloody way to us, they cheered themselves hoarse; cheered as they marched along, cheered and gripped our hands as they got within touch of us. Yell after yell went upward, and stirring words woke the echoes. The boys of the Old Country paid their greatest tribute to us of the New as they cried:

"Canadians—Canadians—that's all!"

HAROLD R. PEAT: "Private Peat."

THE UNNAMED LAKE

It sleeps among the thousand hills
  Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
  The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
  Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
  The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
  Go there in Spring to weep,
And there, when Autumn days are done,
  White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
  The peaks of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
  And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
  Disturb it night or day,
But sun and shadow, moon and star,
  Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the gray of early dawn
When first the lake we spied,
And fragments of a cloud were drawn
Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
And from a speck on high,
That hovered in the deepening blue,
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
No sound the silence broke,
Save when, in whispers down the woods,
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

F. G. Scott

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will.

Ruskin

LIFE IN NORMAN ENGLAND

THE tall, frowning keep and solid walls of the great stone castles, in which the Norman barons lived, betokened an age of violence and suspicion. Beauty gave way to the needs of safety. Girdled with a green and slimy ditch, round the inner side of which ran a parapeted wall pierced along the top with shot-holes, stood the buildings, spreading often over many acres.

If an enemy managed to cross the moat and force the gateway, in spite of a portcullis crashing from above, and melted lead pouring in burning streams from the perforated top of the rounded arch, but little of his work was yet done; for the keep lifted its huge angular block of masonry within the inner bailey or courtyard, and from the narrow chinks in its ten-foot wall rained a sharp incessant shower of arrows, sweeping all approaches to the high and narrow stair, by which alone access could be had to its interior.

These loopholes were the only windows, except in the topmost story, where the chieftain, like a vulture in his rocky nest, watched all the surrounding country. The day of splendid oriels had not yet come in castle architecture.

Thus a baron in his keep could defy, and often did defy, the king upon his throne. Under his roof, eating daily at his board, lived a throng of armed retainers; and around his castle lay farms tilled by martial franklins, who at his call laid aside their implements of husbandry, took up the sword and spear, which they could wield with equal skill, and marched beneath his banner to the war.

The furniture of a Norman keep was not unlike that of an English house. There was richer ornament—more elaborate carving. A *faldestol*, the original of our arm-chair, spread its drapery and cushions for the chieftain in his lounging moods. His bed now boasted curtains and a roof, although, like the English lord, he still lay only upon straw. Chimneys tunnelled the thick walls, and the cupboards glittered with glass and silver. Horn lanterns and the old spiked candle-sticks lit up his evening hours, when the chess-board arrayed its clumsy men, carved out of walrus-tusk, then commonly called whale's-bone. But the baron had an unpleasant trick of breaking the chess-board on his opponent's head, when he found himself checkmated; which somewhat marred that player's enjoyment of the game. Dice of horn and bone

emptied many a purse in Norman England. Draughts were also sometimes played.

Dance and music whiled away the long winter nights; and on summer evenings the castle courtyards resounded with the noise of football, wrestling, boxing, leaping, and the fierce joys of the bull-bait. But out of doors, when no fighting was on hand, the hound, the hawk, and the lance attracted the best energies and skill of the Norman gentleman.

The Normans probably dined at nine in the morning. When they rose they took a light meal; and ate something also after their day's work, immediately before going to bed. Goose and garlic formed a favourite dish. Their cookery was more elaborate, and, in comparison, more delicate, than the preparations for an English feast; but the character for temperance, which they brought with them from the continent, soon vanished.

The poorer classes hardly ever ate flesh, living principally on bread, butter, and cheese; a fact in social life which seems to underlie that usage of our tongue by which the living animals in field or stall bore English names—ox, sheep, calf, pig, deer; while their flesh, promoted to Norman dishes, rejoiced in names of French ori-

gin—beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison. Round cakes, piously marked with a cross, piled the tables, on which pastry of various kinds also appeared. In good houses cups of glass held the wine, which was borne from the cellar below in jugs.

Squatted around the door or on the stairs leading to the Norman dining-hall, which was often on an upper floor, was a crowd of beggars or gluttons, who grew so insolent in the days of Rufus, that ushers, armed with rods, were posted outside to beat back the noisy throng, who thought little of snatching the dishes as the cooks carried them to table!

The juggler, who under the Normans filled the place of the English gleeman, tumbled, sang, and balanced knives in the hall; or, out in the bailey of an afternoon, displayed the acquirements of his trained monkey or bear. The fool, too, clad in coloured patchwork, cracked his ribald jests and shook his cap and bells at the elbow of roaring barons, when the board was spread and the circling of the wine began.

Monasteries served many useful purposes at this time. Besides their manifest value as centres of study and literary work, they gave alms to the poor, a supper and a bed to travellers;

their tenants were better off and better treated than the tenants of the nobles; the monks could store grain, grow apples, and cultivate their flower-beds with little risk of injury from war, because they had spiritual penalties at their call, which usually awed even the most reckless of the soldiery into a respect for sacred property.

As schools, too, the monasteries did no trifling service to society in the Middle Ages. In addition to their influence as great centres of learning, English law had enjoined every mass-priest to keep a school in his parish church where all the young committed to his care might be instructed. The youth of the middle classes, destined for the cloister or the merchant's stall, chiefly thronged these schools. The aristocracy cared little for book-learning. Very few indeed of the barons could read or write. But all could ride, fence, tilt, play at cards, and carve extremely well; for to these accomplishments many years of pagehood and squirehood were given.

W. F. Collier, (Adapted)

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Tennyson

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

IT is the land that freemen till;
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;
A land of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

TENNYSON

INSTRUCTION

HEAR, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee: she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings. Let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart. For they are life unto those that find them and health to all their flesh. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.

PROVERBS, IV.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Browning

TO THE MEMORY OF THE FALLEN

WHEN you are impressed by the spectacle of her (your country's) glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonour always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast.

The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them; for they received again each one for himself a praise which grows not old, and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives, and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion both in word and deed.

For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells, also, an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on

stones, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war.

From "The Funeral Oration of Pericles."

AMONG THE CANADIAN MOUNTAINS

As far as sight could reach the wild peaks rose,
  Tier after tier against the limpid blue,
  Titanic forms that stormed the heavens anew
At every turn, crowned with imperial snows;
And then, as day sank softly to its close,
  Diaphanous, ethereal they grew,
  Mere wraiths of rainbow-mist that from our view
Dream-laden, lapsed to darkness and repose.

And suddenly I found my vision blurred,
  And knew that deeper chord was touched again
Which once in Hungary, when I had heard
  A passionately wild, appealing strain
Of gypsy music, left me strangely stirred
  With incommunicable joy and pain.

HELENA COLEMAN

THE VISION OF MIRZAH

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled, "*The Visions of Mirzah*," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first Vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.'

"Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in

his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, thereupon he beckoned to me and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

"I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The

Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirzah,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.'

"'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the

tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge had consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared.

"These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that the throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but

many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their numbers were very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves.

"Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk.

"In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scymetars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on

trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me that I had dwelt long enough upon it: 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the Genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh, 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death.'

"The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect: 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick

mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.'

"I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts.

"The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the side of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

"Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no pas-

sage to them, except through the gates of Death, which I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.'

"I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, I said: 'Show me

now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.'

"The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but found that he had left me; I then turned again to the Vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

ADDISON: "The Spectator, No. 159."

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behaviour,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

EMERSON

A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead!"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found
That the leaves of the blown rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove this thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener, Time.

AUSTIN DOBSON

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

The Americans inaugurated their Declaration of Independence by enacting that all the United Empire Loyalists—that is the adherents to connection with the mother country—were rebels and traitors; they followed the recognition of Independence by England with an order exiling such adherents from their territories. But while this policy depleted the United States of some of their best blood, it laid the foundation of the settlement and the institutions of the country which has since become the great, free, and prosperous Dominion of Canada.

Upper Canada was then unknown, or known only as a region of dense wilderness and swamps; of venomous reptiles and beasts of prey; of numerous and fierce Indian tribes; of intense cold in winter; and with no redeeming feature except abundance of game and fish.

After the war of Independence, many Loyalists went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and settled there. The British Commander of New York, having found out that Upper Canada was capable of supporting a numerous population along the great river and the lakes, undertook to send colonies of Loyalists there.

Five vessels were procured and furnished to convey the first colony from New York. They sailed round the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and up the St. Lawrence to Sorel, where they arrived in October, 1783. Here they wintered, having built themselves huts, or shanties, and in May, 1784, they continued their voyage in boats, and reached their destination, Cataraqui, afterwards Kingston, in the month of July.

Other bands of Loyalists came by land over the military highway to Lower Canada, as far as Plattsburg, and then northward to Cornwall and up the St. Lawrence, along the north side of which many of them settled.

But the most common route was by way of the Hudson and the Mohawk Rivers, through Oneida Lake and down the Oswego River to Lake Ontario. Flat-bottomed boats, specially built or purchased for the purpose by the Loyalists, were used in this journey. The portages, over which the boats had to be hauled and all their contents carried, are said to have been thirty miles long.

On reaching Oswego, some of the Loyalists coasted along the eastern shore of Lake Ontario to Kingston, and thence up the Bay of Quinte;

others went westward along the south shore of the lake to Niagara and Queenston. Some conveyed their boats over the portage of ten or twelve miles to Chippewa, thence up the river and into Lake Erie, settling chiefly in what was called "Long Point Country," now the County of Norfolk.

This journey of hardship, privation and exposure occupied from two to three months. The obstacles encountered may readily be imagined in a country where the primeval forest covered the earth, and where the only path was the river or the lake. The parents and family of the writer of this history were from the middle of May to the middle of July making the journey in an open boat. Generally two or more families would unite in one company, and thus assist each other in carrying their boats and goods over the portages.

"These excellent men," wrote Sir Richard Bonnycastle, "were willing to sacrifice life and fortune rather than forego the enviable distinction of being British subjects." The stern adherence of the Pilgrim Fathers to their principles was quite equalled by the stern adherence of the Loyalists to their principles; but the privations and hardships experienced by many

of the Loyalist patriots for years after the first settlement in Canada were much more severe than anything experienced by the Puritans during the first years of their settlement in Massachusetts.

Canada has, indeed, a noble parentage, the remembrance of which its inhabitants may well cherish with respect, affection, and pride.

EGERTON RYERSON: "The Loyalists of America and their Times." (Adapted)

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather;
    I feel like one,
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

MOORE

LOVE CANADA

LET each Canadian love his country and seek its glory as did the ancient Greeks during the era when private patriotism and public virtue were inscribed upon their national escutcheon. We have no strife of foreign war—no hostile rivalship of nations; our warfare is a domestic, bloodless one—a warfare of virtue against vice, of knowledge against ignorance, of self-depen-

dence against foreign dependence, of public spirit against personal littleness, of the love of Canada as ourselves, instead of the love of self against Canada.

RYERSON

IN A CANOE

AMONG all the modes of progression hitherto invented by restless man, there is not one that can compare in respect of comfort and luxury with travelling in a birch-bark canoe. It is the poetry of progression. Along the bottom of the boat are laid blankets and bedding; a sort of wicker-work screen is sloped against the middle thwart, affording a delicious support to the back; and indolently, in your shirt sleeves if the day be warm, or well covered with a blanket if it is chilly, you sit or lie on this most luxurious of couches, and are propelled at a rapid rate over the smooth surface of a lake or down the swift current of some stream. If you want exercise, you can take a paddle yourself. If you prefer to be inactive, you can lie still and placidly survey the scenery, rising occasionally to have a shot at

a wild duck; at intervals reading, smoking, and sleeping. Sleep, indeed, you will enjoy most luxuriously, for the rapid bounding motion of the canoe as it leaps forward at every impulse of the crew, the sharp quick beat of the paddles on the water, and the roll of their shafts against the gunwale, with the continuous hiss and ripple of the stream cleft by the curving prow, combine to make a most soothing soporific.

Dreamily you lie side by side—you and your friend—lazily gazing at the pine-covered shores and wooded islands of some unknown lake, the open book unheeded on your knee; the half-smoked pipe drops into your lap; your head sinks gently back; and you wander into dream-land, to awake presently and find yourself sweeping round the curve of some majestic river, whose shores are blazing with the rich crimson, brown, and gold of the maple and other hardwood trees in their autumn dress.

Presently the current quickens. The best man shifts his place from the stern to the bow, and stands ready with his long-handled paddle to twist the frail boat out of reach of hidden rocks. The men's faces glow with excitement. Quicker and quicker flows the stream, breaking into little rapids, foaming round rocks, and

rising in tumbling waves over the shallows. At a word from the bowman the crew redouble their efforts, the paddle shafts crash against the gunwale, the spray flies beneath the bending blades. The canoe shakes and quivers through all its fibres, leaping bodily at every stroke.

Before you is a seething mass of foam, its whiteness broken by horrid black rocks, one touch against whose jagged sides would rip the canoe into tatters and hurl you into eternity. Your ears are full of the roar of waters; waves leap up in all directions, as the river, maddened at obstruction, hurls itself through some narrow gorge. The bowman stands erect to take one look in silence, noting in that critical instant the line of deepest water; then bending to his work, with sharp, short words of command to the steersman, he directs the boat. The canoe seems to pitch headlong into space. Whack! comes a great wave over the bow; crash! comes another over the side. The bowman, his figure stooped, and his knees planted firmly against the sides, stands, with paddle poised in both hands, screaming to the crew to paddle hard; and the crew cheer and shout with excitement in return. You, too, get wild, and feel inclined to yell defiance to the roaring, hissing flood

that madly dashes you from side to side. After the first plunge you are in a bewildering whirl of waters. The shore seems to fly past you. Crash! You are right on that rock, and (I don't care who you are) you will feel your heart jump into your mouth, and you will catch the side with a grip that leaves a mark on your fingers afterwards. No! With a shriek of command to the steersman, and a plunge of his paddle, the bowman wrenches the canoe out of its course. Another stroke or two, another plunge forward, and with a loud exulting yell from the bowman, who flourishes his paddle round his head, you pitch headlong down the final leap, and with a grunt of relief from the straining crew glide rapidly into still water.

LORD DUNRAVEN: "The Great Divide."

"With whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

IT fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so:
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change,
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip Thou dost not fall.

CLOUGH

SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victorie.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
  Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
  Let us do, or die!

BURNS

ST. AMBROSE CREW WIN THEIR FIRST RACE

(The chief characters in this sketch are Miller, the tyrannical little cockswain of the crew; old Jervis, the captain; Tom Brown, number two, who is rowing his first race; Hardy, a friend of Tom's and one of the best oarsmen in the college—also Jack, the college dog. Though there are several crews in the race the real struggle is between the boats from St. Ambrose and Exeter Colleges. If St. Ambrose can drive the nose of its boat against the Exeter boat—"bump it"—it wins.)

HARK!—the first gun. The report sent Tom's heart into his mouth again. Several of the boats pushed off at once into the stream; and the crowds of men on the bank began to be agitated, as it were, by the shadow of the coming excitement. The St. Ambrose fingered their oars, put a last dash of grease on their rowlocks, and settled their feet against the stretchers.

"Shall we push her off?" asked Bow.

"No; I can give you another minute," said Miller, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word."

The captain turned on his seat, and looked up the boat. His face was quiet, but full of confidence, which seemed to pass from him into the crew. Tom felt calmer and stronger, as he met his eye. "Now mind, boys, don't quicken," he

said, cheerily; "four short strokes to get way on her, and then, steady. Here, pass up the lemon."

And he took a sliced lemon out of his pocket, put a small piece in his own mouth, and then handed it to Blake, who followed his example, and passed it on. Each man took a piece; and just as Bow had secured the end, Miller called out,—

"Now, jackets off, and get her head out steadily."

The jackets were thrown on shore, and gathered up by the boatman in attendance. The crew poised their oars, Number Two pushing out her head, and the captain doing the same for the stern. Miller took the starting-rope in his hand.

"How the wind catches her stern," he said; "here, pay out the rope one of you. No, not you—some fellow with a strong hand. Yes, you'll do," he went on, as Hardy stepped down the bank and took hold of the rope; "let me have it foot by foot as I want it. Not too quick; make the most of it—that'll do. Two and Three, just dip your oars in to give her way."

The rope paid out steadily, and the boat settled to her place. But now the wind rose again, and the stern drifted in towards the bank.

"You *must* back her a bit, Miller, and keep her a little further out or our oars on stroke side will catch the bank."

"So I see; curse the wind. Back her, one stroke all. Back her, I say!" shouted Miller.

It is no easy matter to get a crew to back her an inch just now, particularly as there are in her two men who have never rowed a race before, except in the torpids, and one who has never rowed a race in his life.

However, back she comes; the starting-rope slackens in Miller's left hand, and the stroke, unshipping his oar, pushes the stern gently out again.

There goes the second gun! one short minute more, and we are off. Short minute, indeed! you wouldn't say so if you were in the boat, with your heart in your mouth and trembling all over like a man with the palsy. Those sixty seconds before the starting-gun in your first race —why, they are a little lifetime.

"By Jove, we are drifting in again," said Miller, in horror. The captain looked grim but said nothing; it was too late now for him to be unshipping again. "Here, catch hold of the long boat-hook and fend her off."

Hardy, to whom this was addressed, seized the

boat-hook, and, standing with one foot in the water, pressed the end of the boat-hook against the gunwale, at the full stretch of his arm, and so, by main force, kept the stern out. There was just room for stroke oars to dip, and that was all. The starting-rope was as taut as a harp-string; will Miller's left hand hold out?

It is an awful moment. But the coxswain, though almost dragged backwards off his seat, is equal to the occasion. He holds his watch in his right hand with the tiller rope. "Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

There it comes, at last—the flash of the starting-gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river, the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which, will he ever feel again? The starting-ropes drop from the coxswains' hands, the oars flash into the water and gleam on the feather, the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the bank scatter and rush along, each keeping as near as may be to its own

boat. Some of the men on the towing-path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water; some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward; some behind, where they can see the pulling better; but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those on whom the honour of the college is laid.

"Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, Five!" "You're gaining every stroke!" "Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!"

On they rushed by the side of the boats, jostling one another, stumbling, struggling, and panting along.

For a quarter of a mile along the bank the glorious, maddening hurly-burly extends, and rolls up the side of the stream.

For the first ten strokes Tom was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time and get his strength into the stroke. But, as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, what we may call consciousness returned; and, while every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leaped, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life,

and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river, or smelt it before. Though his eye never wandered from the back of Diogenes, he seemed to see all things at once. The boat behind, which seemed to be gaining;—it was all he could do to prevent himself from quickening on the stroke as he fancied that;—the eager face of Miller, with his compressed lips, and eyes fixed so earnestly ahead that Tom could almost feel the glance passing over his right shoulder; the flying banks and the shouting crowd; see them with his bodily eyes he could not, but he knew, nevertheless, that Grey had been upset and nearly rolled down the bank into the water in the first hundred yards, that Jack was bounding and scrambling and barking along by the very edge of the stream; above all, he was just as well aware, as if he had been looking at it, of a stalwart form in cap and gown, bounding along, brandishing the long boat-hook, and always keeping just opposite the boat; and amid all the Babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the labouring of his own breathing, he heard Hardy's voice coming to

him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air, "Steady, Two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady." The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! he had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but never aught like this.

But it can't last forever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bulls' hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long, without bursting. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind, there is a great gap between the accompanying crowds; and now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the bank grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him, and, it would seem, into the rest of the crew at the same moment; for, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again; there is no more drag; she springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and Miller's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again.

Miller's face and attitude are a study. Coiled

up into the smallest possible space, his chin almost resting on his knees, his hands close to his sides, firmly but lightly feeling the rudder, as a good horseman handles the mouth of a free-going hunter; if a coxswain could make a bump by his own exertions, surely he will do it. No sudden jerks of the St. Ambrose rudder will you see, watch as you will from the bank; the boat never hangs through fault of his, but easily and gracefully rounds every point. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" he now and then mutters to the captain, who responds with a wink, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the regularity of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement, but he is far too good a judge to hurry the final effort before the victory is safe in his grasp.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more." "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up." "Mind the Gut, Exeter." "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" The water rushes by, still eddy-

ing from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear their oars and the workings of their rudder, and the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a perfect storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd, as it rushes madly off to the left to the footbridge, amidst which "Oh, well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the prevailing cry. Then Miller, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head. "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we're into them." Old Jervis lays down that great broad back and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant, the crew catch him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt, and Tom feels a little shock behind him, and then a grating sound, as Miller shouts, "Unship oars, Bow and Three!" and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up the side of the Exeter till it touches their stroke oar.

"Take care where you're coming to." It is the coxswain of the bumped boat who speaks.

Tom finds himself within a foot or two of him when he looks round; and, being utterly unable to contain his joy, and yet unwilling to

exhibit it before the eyes of a gallant rival, turns away towards the shore, and begins telegraphing to Hardy.

"Now, then, what are you at there in the bows? Cast her off, quick. Come, look alive! Push across at once out of the way of the other boats."

"I congratulate you, Jervis," says the Exeter stroke, as the St. Ambrose boat shoots past him. "Do it again next race and I shan't care."

THOMAS HUGHES: "Tom Brown at Oxford."

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;

My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

ON THE WASHINGTON TREATY

I NOW move the first reading of this bill, and I shall simply sum up my remarks by saying that, with respect to the treaty, I consider that every portion of it is unobjectionable to the country, unless the articles connected with the fisheries may be considered objectionable. With respect to those articles I ask the House fully and calmly to consider the circumstances; and I believe, if they fully consider the situation, that they will say that it is for the good of Canada that those articles should be ratified.

Reject the treaty, and you do not get reciprocity. Reject the treaty, and you leave the fishermen of the Maritime Provinces at the mercy of the Americans. Reject the treaty, and you will cut off the merchants engaged in that trade from the American market. . . .

Reject the treaty, and you will find that the bad feeling, which formerly, and until lately, existed in the United States against England, will be transferred to Canada. The United States will say, and will say justly: "Here, when two great nations like England and the United States have settled all their difficulties, all their quarrels, upon a perpetual basis, these happy results are to be frustrated and endangered by the Canadian people, because they have not got the value of their fish for ten years."

It has been said that England has sacrificed the interests of Canada. If England has sacrificed the interests of Canada, what sacrifice has she not made herself in the cause of peace? Has she not, for the sake of peace between these two great nations, rendered herself liable, leaving out all indirect claims, to pay millions out of her own treasury? Has she not made all this sacrifice for the sake of peace? And for whose good has she made it? Has she not made it principally for the sake of Canada?

Let Canada be severed from England—let England not be responsible to us and for us—and what could the United States do to England? England has the supremacy of the sea. She is impregnable in every point but one, and that

point is Canada; and if England does call upon us to make a financial sacrifice—if she does find it for the good of the empire, that we, England's first colony, should sacrifice something—I say that we should be unworthy of our proud position if we were not prepared to do so.

I hope to live to see the day, and if I do not, that my son may be spared to see Canada the right arm of England—to see Canada a powerful auxiliary to the empire—not, as now, a cause of anxiety and a source of danger; and I think that, if we are worthy to hold that position as the right arm of England, we should not object to a sacrifice of this kind, when so great an object is attained, and the object is a great and lasting one.

It is said that amities cannot be perpetual. I say that this treaty, which has gone through so many difficulties and dangers, if it is carried into effect, removes almost all possibility of war. If ever there was an irritating cause of war, it was from the occurrences arising out of the escape of these vessels; and when we see the United States Government and people forget this irritation, forget those occurrences, and submit such a question to arbitration—to the arbitration of a disinterested tribunal,—I say that they have

established a principle which can never be forgotten in this world. No future question is likely to arise that will cause such great irritation as the escape of the *Alabama,* and if they could be got to agree to leave such a matter to the peaceful arbitrament of a friendly power, what future cause of quarrel can, in the imagination of man, occur, that will not bear the same pacific solution that is sought for in this?

I believe that this treaty is an epoch in the history of civilization; that it will set an example to the wide world that must be followed; and with the growth of this great Anglo-Saxon family, and with the development of the mighty nation to the south of us, I believe that the principle of arbitration will be advocated and adopted as the sole principle of the settlement of differences between the English-speaking peoples, and that it will have a moral influence in the world. And although it may be opposed to the antecedents of other nations, that great moral principle which has now been established among the Anglo-Saxon family will spread itself over all the civilized world.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band,
Beneath the Royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
—"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—

"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried:
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

SCOTT

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN IN CANADA

FROM the sea pastures and coal-fields of Nova Scotia and the forests of New Brunswick, almost from the historic Louisbourg, up the St. Lawrence to historic Quebec; through the great province of Ontario, and on lakes that are seas; by copper and silver mines so rich as to recall stories of the Arabian Nights, though only the rim of the land has been explored; on the chain of lakes where the Ojibway is at home in his canoe, to the plains where the Cree is equally at home on his horse; through the prairie province of Manitoba, and rolling meadows and park-like country; along the banks of

> "A full-fed river winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain—"

full-fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and watering "the great lone land;" over illimitable coal measures and deep woods; on to the mountains which open their gates, more widely than to our wealthier neighbours, to lead us to the Pacific; down deep gorges filled with mighty timber, beside rivers

whose ancient deposits are gold-beds, and whose channels are choked with fish; on to the many harbours of mainland and island, over all this we had travelled, and it was all our own.

> "Where's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a land."

Thank God, we have a country. It is not our poverty of land or sea, of wood or mine, that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country does not depend on its natural resources. It depends on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence.

G. M. GRANT

A CHRISTMAS HYMN, 1837

IT was the calm and silent night:—
  Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
  And now was Queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
  Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
  Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
    In the solemn midnight
      Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air, how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares;
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!

To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy *now*!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

A. DOMETT

As every action is capable of a peculiar dignity in the manner of it, so also it is capable of dignity still higher in the motive of it. There is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much, most especially that chief of all purposes, the pleasing of God.

RUSKIN

THE COMMANDMENT AND THE REWARD

My son, forget not my law;
But let thine heart keep my commandments:
For length of days, and years of life,
And peace, shall they add to thee.
Let not mercy and truth forsake thee:
Bind them about thy neck;
Write them upon the table of thine heart:
So shalt thou find favour,
And good repute in the sight of God and man.
Trust in the LORD with all thine heart,
And lean not upon thine own understanding:
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.
Be not wise in thine own eyes;
Fear the LORD, and depart from evil:
Honour the LORD with thy substance,
And with the first-fruits of all thine increase:
So shall thy barns be filled with plenty,
And thy vats shall overflow with new wine.

PROVERBS, III.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON

THE BEATITUDES

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

ST. MATTHEW V, 3-12

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
  Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
  Who mourn a nation's master mind.

We hoped an honoured age for him,
  And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim
  Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
  Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
  And England's glory is the sea.

One only vow above his bier,
  One only oath beside his bed:
We swear our flag shall shield him here
  Until the sea gives up its dead!

Leap, waves of England! Boastful be,
  And fling defiance in the blast,
For Earth is envious of the Sea
  Which shelters England's dead at last.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

THE BATTLE WITH THE PYGMIES

ONCE upon a time, according to the old myth, there lived in the heart of Africa a race of very little people called pygmies, who tried to fight against the great giant Hercules. But they were so very small that, although there were countless hosts of them, they were unable to do Hercules any harm.

Now although we speak of this story as a myth, there is at least some truth in it, for it tells us that even the very strongest men sometimes have to fight against the very smallest enemies. Nowadays men and women and boys and girls are the giants, and the pygmies are the countless hosts of tiny creatures against which we have to carry on a constant struggle.

Among those who have to wage the most ceaseless warfare against the pygmies are the men who till the soil; for no matter how hard they may labour, there are always myriads of small creatures which threaten to rob them of their harvests. For a long time the farmers were fighting, in many cases, a losing battle against their enemies; but now there are men who make a special study of these different pests, and they are finding out how to control

them, and are learning what "poisons" to use against them. In the following pages the story is told of some of the most famous battles with these pygmies and how some of the most important "poisons" were discovered.

I

In the western part of Colorado, in a strip of country at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, there was to be found a hundred years ago a kind of beetle which lived on the wild nightshade and other plants that belong to the potato family. Now it happened that about the year 1855 farmers engaged in potato growing in that part of the country for the first time; and the Colorado beetles, as they came to be called, liked this new kind of food so well that they left the nightshade and swarmed over the potato fields.

They increased very rapidly, and soon all the potato fields in the West were covered with them. Then they began to spread further eastward. In about eight years they had crossed the Mississippi River, and within another ten years they had reached the Atlantic coast. They were in Ontario as early as 1870, but they did not reach Nova Scotia until twelve years

later. Altogether, in their journey from Colorado to Nova Scotia they had covered a distance of twenty-five hundred miles and had travelled at the rate of about one hundred miles a year. Of course some of them got a "lift" on the way, or they could never have travelled so fast; but, nevertheless, it was a famous march across the continent! Wherever they went they stripped the potato fields bare, and it seemed as if it would be useless to try to grow potatoes because of the "bugs."

Of course the farmers tried all the old remedies which had been used for fighting insect pests. Since they themselves did not like things that had a sharp, bitter taste or a disagreeable smell, they naturally thought that bugs and beetles and caterpillars would not like them either. So they dusted the plants with lime and sulphur and pepper and soot and even with dust off the roads, and sprinkled them with soapy water and tobacco juice and turpentine or with tea made from strong-smelling plants like tansy or leeks. Some of these remedies, such as soapy water and tobacco juice, did help to destroy tiny sucking insects like plant lice, but they had no effect on the potato bug.

But, fortunately, just when the ravages of the potato bug were at their very worst, some one, no one knows who, discovered a poison that would kill them. At that time many new houses were being built, and the window shutters on these houses were usually painted green. In making this green paint a poisonous powder called paris-green was used; and it occurred to some person that, if this powder were dusted on the plants, it might possibly kill the potato bugs. It was tried, and it worked wonders. Very soon every one was using paris-green as a potato-bug poison, and hundreds of tons were sold every year. Before very long fruit-growers, too, began to spray their apple and pear-trees with it, and they found that it destroyed a large number of the caterpillars, or "worms," which had been ruining their fruit crop. The use of this poison has been the means of saving both the farmer and the fruit-grower thousands of dollars.

II

Although paris-green is so effective in fighting insect pests such as the potato bug, it has one very serious drawback. It sometimes scorches the leaves of the plant, and for this reason it

cannot be used in spraying plants which have very tender leaves. Fortunately, however, some years ago another poison was discovered, which does not scorch the leaves and which does not wash off so readily as paris-green. This new poison was first used in the year 1893 in fighting a very serious pest known as the gipsy-moth, which destroys the leaves of both shade trees and fruit trees.

A hundred years ago the gipsy-moth was not found in America at all, although it was very common in Europe. In Europe, however, it did not often prove to be a very serious pest, because it had a number of enemies which helped to hold it in check. In the year 1868 a French naturalist, who lived at Medford in Massachusetts, was experimenting with different kinds of moths, in the hope of finding some variety that would produce silk as silk-worms do; and, in order to carry on his experiments, he obtained from France a cluster of eggs of the gipsy-moth, which he kept in a room in his house. By and by these eggs hatched out, and as there are about four hundred eggs in a cluster, he had a large colony of gipsy-moth caterpillars. One day, soon after the eggs were hatched, he was called out of the room in which the "gipsies"

were kept, and when he came back a few minutes later, he found to his dismay that some of the caterpillars had been blown out of the window and had got away. He knew that if these escaped caterpillars were to grow into full-grown moths, they would hatch other broods, and that they would, in time, be likely to cause a very great deal of damage; and so he warned the people of Medford of what had happened. In spite of his warning nothing was done to try to destroy the escaped caterpillars.

You would not suppose that these "gipsies" would spread very rapidly; for strange to say, the mother moths cannot fly. But when the little caterpillars are hatched out, some of them spin ropes of cobweb, and as they hang from the trees they are caught by the wind and carried a long distance, sometimes as far as ten or twelve miles. Besides this, many of the caterpillars drop down from the overhanging branches upon wagons and automobiles that are passing and are carried long distances by this means. At any rate, these moths did spread; for of course they were not held in check by enemies, as they had been in Europe.

At first they were not noticed, for they have the habit of feeding at night and hiding in the

daytime. After some years, however, the people of Medford began to notice that their shade trees were being stripped of their leaves; and in a few years more the caterpillars had become such a plague that the houses and sidewalks were black with them, and people could scarcely walk out-of-doors without having caterpillars swarming over them. By this time, too, they had spread over a large part of the state, and the people of Massachusetts saw that in order to save their trees they must make a determined effort to fight the caterpillars.

At first they tried spraying the trees with paris-green; but it was found that when enough paris-green was used to kill the full-grown caterpillars, it burned the leaves. As soon as it was found that paris-green could not be safely used, experiments were made with other poisons; and within a couple of years a new poison, called arsenate of lead, was discovered, which would kill the caterpillars without damaging the leaves. From this time forward it was used instead of paris-green in fighting the gipsy-moth; and, since it could be used on tender plants without scorching the leaves, it soon took the place of paris-green as a poison for other insects. Perhaps arsenate of lead might have

been discovered at some later time even if there had not been a plague of gipsy-moths—no one knows. At all events it was a valuable discovery; and, even if the gust of wind that blew the little "gipsies" out of the window at Medford caused a great deal of harm, it also did a great deal of good.

(Continued on Page 231)

A MADRIGAL

Spring went by with laughter
Down the greening hills,
Singing lyric snatches,
    Crowned with daffodils;
Now, by breath of roses
As the soft day closes,
Know that April's promise
    June fulfils.

Youth goes by with gladness
Faery woodlands through,
Led by starry visions,
    Fed with honey-dew;
Life, who dost for ever
Urge the high endeavour,
Grant that all the dreaming
    Time brings true.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields,
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth; there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals;
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze or gale or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

BRITAIN'S myriad voices call
"Sons be welded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!"
Britons, hold your own!

TENNYSON

PONTIAC'S ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE FORT DETROIT

In the year 1763, a celebrated chief of the Ottawas, called Pontiac, succeeded in forming a confederacy of the Ottawas, Hurons, Chippewas, and some other tribes, with the avowed object of expelling the British from the lake regions of the country. With the craftiness peculiar to the Indian race, an ingenious stratagem was devised, by means of which it was hoped that the allies would easily gain possession of the forts.

For this purpose a grand Lacrosse match was organized at each post, and the officers of the garrison invited to become participators in the game.

Pontiac and his attendant chiefs had, while the warriors and braves were engaged in the game of Lacrosse on the common, sought an audience of the governor of the fort. He received them in the mess-room, apparently not suspecting any artifice on their part.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semi-circle of Indians.

"How is this? Is his voice still sick, that he cannot come? or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend, the pale-face, is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips when a wild, shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on one another, passed anxiously away; and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of fiendish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontiac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when, at the sudden stamping of the foot of the

latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm, composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed,—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery,—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before he sought to execute it. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued. The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too

powerful to be dissembled; and incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet even in that short space of time its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not replete with human life and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece bearing upon the gateway, and behind these were artillerymen holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away everything that should come before them. The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; and from every window affording cover to the troops gleamed a line of bayonets, rising

above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magical as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of "husky" Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around, yet paralyzed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or recede. Never, perhaps, were astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than they were now exhibited by these men, who had already in imagination secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless

hurdle, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other.

After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception; and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary. Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their

reach, it was necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontiac had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been drawn to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavour to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well-affected

struggle was maintained. At his approach the hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying in an oblique direction and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race which had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball, and in which he who had driven it with resistless force outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and, such was the peculiar exaltation of the black and turbaned warrior when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was pealed forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council-room.

What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

MAJOR RICHARDSON

MY NATIVE LAND

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

SCOTT: "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

MORNING ON THE LIEVRE

Far above us where a jay
Screams his matins to the day,
Capped with gold and amethyst,
Like a vapour from the forge
Of a giant somewhere hid,
Out of hearing of the clang
Of his hammer, skirts of mist
Slowly up the woody gorge
Lift and hang.

Softly as a cloud we go,
Sky above and sky below,
Down the river; and the dip
Of the paddles scarcely breaks,
With the little silvery drip
Of the water as it shakes
From the blades, the crystal deep
Of the silence of the morn,
Of the forest yet asleep;
And the river reaches borne
In a mirror, purple gray,
Sheer away
To the misty line of light,
Where the forest and the stream
In the shadow meet and plight,
Like a dream.

From amid a stretch of reeds,
Where the lazy river sucks
All the water as it bleeds
From a little curling creek,
And the muskrats peer and sneak
In around the sunken wrecks
Of a tree that swept the skies
Long ago,
On a sudden seven ducks
With a splashy rustle rise,
Stretching out their seven necks,
One before, and two behind,
And the others all arow,
And as steady as the wind
With a swivelling whistle go,
Through the purple shadow led,
Till we only hear their whir
In behind a rocky spur,
Just ahead.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

I CALL, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

MILTON: "On Education."

EVENING

From upland slopes I see the cows file by,
Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,
By dusking fields and meadows shining pale
With moon-tipped dandelions. Flickering high,
A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
Beats up into the lucent solitudes,
Or drops with griding wing. The stilly woods
Grow dark and deep and gloom mysteriously.
Cool night winds creep, and whisper in mine ear,
The homely cricket gossips at my feet.
From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear,
Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus. One by one
Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.

Archibald Lampman

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind.

Tennyson

THE BATTLE WITH THE PYGMIES

(*Continued*)

III

While the people of Massachusetts were busy fighting the gipsy-moth, another enemy was destroying the orchards of California and the Western States. In the year 1873 the fruit-growers in the neighbourhood of San José in California noticed that their fruit trees were dying, and when they examined them closely, they found that the bark and leaves and fruit were covered with a gray coating the colour of ashes. This gray coating was made up of small scales, underneath which there were myriads of little yellow insects which sucked the plant juices from the tree. In this way they robbed the tree of its food, and trees that were covered with them did not usually live more than two or three years.

These little insect thieves belonged to a family that are known as "scale" insects; and because this variety was first discovered in San José in California, it came to be called the San José scale. At first no one had any idea where they came from; but many years later it was discovered that their native home was in China,

more than six thousand miles away, and that they had found their way to America on some young trees that had been brought over by a San José fruit-grower. For two or three years they had not been noticed, and during this time they had spread very rapidly. Soon the whole district in the neighbourhood of San José was infested with them; and it was not very long before the orchards in the Eastern States and Canada were attacked by the scale.

The rapid spread of these insects is not surprising, for the young are carried from tree to tree on the bodies of birds and beetles, and sometimes young fruit trees which are shipped from one part of the country to another spread the scale. Besides, when you remember that in one summer each insect has from one million to three thousand million children and grandchildren you will understand how rapidly they increase.

When a new insect finds its way into the country, it is difficult at first to know how to check it; and for some time no one knew what to do to destroy the San José scale. There was no use in trying to poison the insects, for they did not eat the bark and leaves. But other remedies were tried; and, fortunately, one of

these was successful. It happened that in Australia, when the ranchers wished to rid their sheep of vermin, they dipped them in a vat containing a mixture of lime and sulphur; and it occurred to some one to try the effect of this lime-sulphur wash on the San José scale. Of all the remedies that were tried it proved to be the best, for it "burned" the insects that it touched, and it formed a coating over the bark which prevented those insects which were beneath the waxy coating from getting out, so that those insects which were not "burned" were suffocated or starved to death. Fortunately, too, the lime-sulphur helped to destroy or ward off certain other pests; and it is now quite commonly used as a spray even on trees which have not been affected with the San José scale.

IV

Insect pests such as the potato bug and the gipsy-moth and the San José scale are not the only kinds of robbers which destroy the farmers' crops. About the same time that the farmers of the United States and Canada were engaged in the struggle against these pests, the grape-growers in France were fighting a different sort of enemy—a plant disease which is known as

the mildew. Now what we call "mildew" is simply a multitude of very tiny plants, known as fungi, which grow on the leaves and fruit of other plants and rob them of their food. When the mildew attacked the grape-vines, the leaves turned yellow and fell from the vines, so that the grapes did not have a chance to ripen properly, and the grape harvest was ruined. If the disease had been allowed to go unchecked, it would have been a very serious thing for the owners of the vineyards; but, fortunately, in the very year when the mildew was at its worst, almost by accident a remedy was found for it.

The district in which the city of Bordeaux is situated is famous for its grapes—the kind of grape from which Bordeaux wine is made—and the roadsides in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux are bordered with vineyards. Did you ever know of a boy who did not like grapes? The boys who lived in Bordeaux were no exception, and when they saw the clusters of grapes growing by the roadsides, they helped themselves! Grapes are grown for boys, of course! But the owners of the vineyards did not like to have their grapes stolen, and in order to prevent the boys from taking them, they used to sprinkle the clusters that grew close to the roadsides with

different mixtures, to make them look as if they were poisoned. They had no spraying machines such as we have now, but they used whisks or small brooms for sprinkling the vines. The "poison" which was most commonly used at that time was a mixture containing copper and lime. It was bright blue in colour, so that it could be easily seen; and, of course, the boys did not touch the grapes that were sprinkled with it.

Now it happened that in the year 1882, when the mildew was at its worst, the vines that had been "poisoned" were not affected by the blight, although the other vines farther from the road-side had lost all their leaves; and although the "poison" had kept the mildew away, it had not injured the vines in any way. During the next few years this "Bordeaux mixture," as it came to be called, was tried again and again, until it was proved beyond a doubt that it would prevent mildew. Of course it was soon discovered that Bordeaux mixture was of great value in preventing the growth of other kinds of fungi besides the mildew, and since that time it has been used for preventing diseases of fruits and vegetables of many sorts.

O. J. STEVENSON

SHERWOOD

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood
awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through
the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the
morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a
shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the
leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold;
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marion is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marion is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?

Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold

Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—
Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES

HERRING FISHING

It was still a dead calm—calm to blackness; when, in about an hour after sunrise, what seemed light fitful airs began to play on the surface, imparting to it, in irregular patches, a tint of gray. First one patch would form, then a second beside it, then a third, and then for miles around, the surface, else so silvery, would seem frosted over with gray: the apparent breeze appeared as if propagating itself from one central point. In a few seconds after, all would be calm as at first; and then from some other centre the patches of gray would again form and widen, till the whole Firth seemed covered by them.

A peculiar poppling noise, as if a thunder-shower was beating the surface with its multitudinous drops, rose round our boat; the water seemed sprinkled with an infinity of points of silver, that for an instant glittered to the sun, and then resigned their places to other quick, glancing points, that in turn were succeeded by yet others.

The herrings by millions, and thousands of millions, were at play around us, leaping a few inches into the air, and then falling and dis-

appearing, to rise and leap again. Shoal rose beyond shoal, till the whole bank of Gulliam seemed beaten into foam, and the low poppling sounds were multiplied into a roar like that of the wind through some tall wood, that might be heard in the calm for miles.

And again the shoals extending around us seemed to cover for hundreds of square miles the vast Moray Firth. But though they played beside our buoys by thousands, not a herring swam so low as the upper bulk of our drift.

One of the fishermen, taking up a stone, flung it right over our second buoy into the middle of the shoal, and the fish disappeared from the surface for several fathoms around. "Ah, there they go," he exclaimed, "if they go but low enough. Four years ago I startled thirty barrels of light fish into my drift, just by throwing a stone among them."

I know not what effect the stone might have had on this occasion; but on hauling our nets for the third and last time, we found we had captured about eight barrels of fish; and then, hoisting sail—for a light breeze from the east had sprung up—we made for the shore with a cargo of twenty barrels.

HUGH MILLER: "My Schools and Schoolmasters."

THE POET'S SONG

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
  He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
  And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
  And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud,
  And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
  The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
  And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
  But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
  When the years have died away."

TENNYSON

NEVER to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower, and the opening heart; to hope always; like God, to love always—this is duty. AMIEL

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the west, but the greater part in Spain.

You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon. But my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations.

I have never been in Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travellers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there.

The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors.

Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there, and it is not easy for me to say how I know so much about my castles in Spain.

The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests.

All the sublime mountains and beautiful valleys and soft landscapes that I have not yet seen are to be found in the grounds.

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seemed to know the way. It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon and went into his office.

He was sitting at his desk, writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes,—everything that covers the tables of a great merchant.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne." He looked up hastily, and wished me good-morning, which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it, sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" said I, without preface. He looked at me for a few moments, without speaking and without

seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes apparently looking into the street were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he, at length, musingly, shaking his head and without addressing me.

He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere to own so much in Spain: so I asked:—

"Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for, of course, a man who drives such an immense trade with all parts of the world will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there—none of my captains have any report to make.

"They bring me, as they brought my father, gold-dust from Guinea, ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain.

"I have sent clerks, agents, and travellers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of

places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except a young poet, and he died in a madhouse."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man whom, as he entered, I recognized as a broker. "We'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant, as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I'm glad you came," returned he; "but, I assure you, had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the Northwest Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admiralty fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

Yet I dream my dreams and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there that I could not in conscience neglect it.

All the years of my youth and hopes of my manhood are stored away, like precious stones, in the vaults; and I know that I shall find

everything elegant, beautiful, and convenient when I come into possession.

As the years go by, I am not conscious that my interest diminishes.

Shall I tell a secret? Shall I confess that sometimes when I have been sitting reading to my Prue "Cymbeline," perhaps, or a "Canterbury Tale," I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain, and, as she looked up from her work and smiled in sympathy, I have even fancied that I was already there?

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS: "Prue and I." (Adapted)

PROGRESS

As we surpass our fathers' skill,
Our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still,
And not a hundred known.

And had some Prophet spoken true
Of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new,
That no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield
The forces of to-day,
And plough the Present like a field,
And garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows,
Dispense with careful hands:
Deep under deep for ever goes,
Heaven over heaven expands.

TENNYSON

THE SHIPWRECK

(The following is a true tale of shipwreck and rescue. The *Industry* was a small vessel of thirty-seven tons, loaded with dried fish and cordwood, which set out from the mouth of the La Have River for Halifax market, only fifty-four miles away, and was blown seven hundred miles out to sea.)

IN the double darkness of night and the thick driving snow, the *Industry* fled back to La Have before the north-east gale. It was still thick weather when Captain Sponagle judged that he was near Cross Island—the sea-mark sentinel before Lunenburg Harbour, to which Lunenburg sailor-men find their way back from the ends of the four oceans. The mouth of the La Have is just round the corner.

Now the *Industry* was near home and safety, but once more her luck changed for the worse.

The fierce gale suddenly chopped round to the north-west, driving the schooner back from her desired haven and out into the furious Atlantic. If her foresail had been intact, she might have been hove to and so have ridden out the gale. In attempting to do so the damaged sail was blown to rags.

There was nothing for it but to dowse all sail and run before the storm. For three days and three nights the *Industry* scudded under bare poles straight out to sea. To take the dangerous weight off her the deck-load of cordwood was started overboard. In the darkness and

confusion all hands must have been working desperately to clear the deck. Along with the deck-load went their only boat.

They were fighting for their lives, and in their haste another accident occurred. One of the two water-casks secured just forward of the main-mast went overboard with the cordwood, and the other was so badly smashed that only two gallons of water was saved from it. This loss meant later intense suffering from thirst. The two gallons from the broken cask and a kettle-ful of melted hailstones gathered in a remnant of the foresail was the whole water supply of seven persons for eighteen days. They were rationed to a wine-glass apiece once in twenty-four hours. The last drop was finished on December 27th.

Not counting on more than the day's run to Halifax, the owners had not provisioned their little craft for such an unforeseen emergency as being blown out to sea. Food there was practically none. What little they had was spoiled by the salt water. For two weeks, from the 15th to the 29th of December, those seven persons sustained life on ten hardtack. A tiny fragment of biscuit once in the twenty-four hours was the ration. On that, and the

thimbleful of water, they kept the life in their bodies for an endless fortnight.

They dared not touch the salt fish in the hold for fear of the thirst that would drive them mad. With fresh water they might have been able to cook the fish, though the stove was damaged in the hurly-burly of the first night. They found a few oats in a bag, and these they managed to parch on the top of the broken stove and eat. On Christmas Day they discovered one potato in the bilge. They divided it into seven portions, just and loyal in their misery. "Our tongues were so swollen we could scarcely eat it."

On Tuesday the 15th, they were able to do something besides hold on for dear life, as their frail little fabric raced the mountainous seas. In the turmoil of waters they saw an American fishing schooner, which ran down close enough to speak with the helpless *Industry*. The weather was too wild to launch a boat with food and water, or to render any assistance whatever. For a few moments the two craft were near enough for Captain Sponagle to shout that he wanted his position and his course for Bermuda, and for the American skipper to shout back the necessary directions; then each went his way.

Once more the crew got some canvas on the *Industry*, the jib and mainsail, both close-reefed, no doubt, and starving and parched with thirst they held on for the Summer Islands.

The gale was favourable, but they were not destined to reach the port they were headed for any more than Halifax. Tuesday was evidently their first breathing-space. On this day Captain Sponagle took stock, collected his ten biscuits, and began rationing them out, as well as the precious two gallons of water.

For three days the *Industry* held her course for Bermuda, but the faint gleam of good fortune, the hope of reaching port, proved to be illusory. Once more the cruel wind chopped round to the westward and blew a terrific gale. Evidently the little schooner was buffeted by a series of cyclonic storms. December, 1868, was a particularly bad month all over the North Atlantic.

Like the former, this gale lasted three days, "during which," says the original narrative, "we suffered severely." The severity of their sufferings is easy to realize. This last gale was the worst of all, and it grew wilder and wilder. The huge, confused billows made a clean breach over the labouring schooner, tearing away her bul-

warks, rails, and stanchions, and flooding the tiny cabin. The force of the waves also wrenched the tarpaulin off the forward hatch and carried it away. To prevent the hold from being flooded and the vessel foundering there and then, the resourceful crew nailed over the hatch a cowhide intended for the Halifax market, and it kept the water out.

With the prolonged and furious buffetings of wind and sea, the frame of the *Industry* was being racked apart, the seams opened, and she began to leak badly. To the sufferings from cold, hunger, and thirst, was added the exhausting, endless labour of pumping to keep afloat. "Our strength was fast failing, but we managed by dint of great exertion to pump the vessel." If the water rose in the hold beyond a certain point, the vessel's reserve buoyancy would be gone, and under the next swamping billow she would go down like a stone. So these men laboured, hour after hour, day and night, on the reeling, wave-swept deck, toiling like slaves, with a few crumbs of biscuit and a wine-glass of water to sustain their strength.

Christmas Day, with its happy memories, brought increase of misery to all on board the *Industry*. Their Christmas dinner was the

solitary raw potato divided into seven portions, which they could scarcely eat. Christmas night was remembered for its terrors; it was a night of despair. Work at the pumps was abandoned as useless. There was no one at the tiller; hope was gone. All seven were huddled together in the inky darkness of the little cabin. Overhead tons of water crashed upon the roof, as the unguided *Industry* pitched and rolled and wallowed in the giant billows. There was nothing to do but hold on and wait for the inevitable end. The schooner might go down at any moment.

What was done in that cabin is best told in the words of a survivor:

"We were nearly exhausted with hunger and exposure, and our thirst was dreadful; and, expecting every moment to be our last, we united in prayer to the Almighty and shook hands with each other, as we thought, for the last time. Most of the men gave way to tears, but our only female passenger cheered us with the hope that our prayers were answered and we were strengthened again to pump the ship."

"For practical purposes it is at the hopeless moment that we require the hopeful man. . . . . Exactly at the instant when hope ceases to

be reasonable it begins to be useful," says Chesterton wisely.

These words fit the situation to a nicety. It is no wonder that men, weakened by a fortnight of exposure, starvation, thirst, and exhausting labour, should shed hysterical tears; nor is it to their shame. But the spirit of the "female passenger" did not break nor bend. In the black darkness of that little cabin, the courage and hope of a mere girl shone like a star. Angeline Publicover cheered the despairing men by her faith in the mercy of God, and they were "strengthened" to resume their labours.

On board the *Industry* the last morsel of food was eaten, the last drop of water drunk, when rescue came. All these weary days driving hither and thither in mid-Atlantic, another vessel was sailing to cross her track. The predestined meeting came to pass on December 29th.

The Coalfleets of Hantsport were a typical family of Nova Scotia mariners. Once a nameless baby drifted ashore from the wreckage of a collier on the coast. The boy lived, and from these circumstances was given the name of Coalfleet—meet origin for a sea-faring clan. From him was descended Hiram Coalfleet—one of six brothers all of whom followed the sea.

He was a master mariner, honourable, looked up to, and a skilful navigator. In command of the Nova Scotia barque *Providence* of four hundred and eighty tons, he was now on his way from Philadelphia to London with a cargo of kerosene. His brother Abel sailed with him as chief mate.

Seven hundred miles east of Nova Scotia the *Providence* sighted a vessel, as the expressive language of the sea puts it, "in distress." That so small a craft should be so far from land implied accident, and the wave-swept deck and the jagged fragments of bulwarks would tell their own tale. The *Providence* bore down on the schooner under storm canvas, lay to, and tried to launch her longboat. It was still blowing a gale, with a heavy sea running; and getting the big, heavy boat over the side into the sea was no easy task. After several attempts it was smashed and lost. The only other boat on board was too small to live in such a sea.

But Captain Coalfleet was not at the end of his resources. He tried another means of rescue, which put his own ship in peril, which called for most skilful handling of her, and which would fail but for cool, swift, decisive action. He manoeuvred his big barque to windward of

the little coaster, backed his topsail, and drifted down on the *Industry* broadside on. He must have calculated his distance to a nicety, and he must have had a well-disciplined crew; no lubbers or wharf-rats stood by the sheets and braces that December day. He was risking his own ship, with all on board, for collision was inevitable; his part was to minimize the shock of contact.

As the two vessels swung crashing together, the mainyard of the *Providence* fouled the rigging of the *Industry*. Nimble as a cat, Abel Coalfleet ran up on the mainyard, lay out along it, and with a line in his hand, probably the clue-garnet, let himself down swiftly on the tossing deck of the schooner. Any passenger on an ocean steamer who has ever watched the antics of the pilot's boat alongside in comparatively smooth water, can form some conception of the way two vessels rolling, tossing, pitching, grinding together, would behave in a mid-winter Atlantic storm.

Abel Coalfleet, balancing on the yard-arm, which pointed in the sky one moment, and the next almost dipped in the waves, makes the acrobats of the circus and moving pictures look silly. He must have been as cool-headed as he

was brave and strong and nimble. He might have lost his hold and been flung into the sea, or entangled in the cordage, or crushed between the grinding hulls.

As he dropped to the reeling, wave-swept schooner's deck, he fastened a line to the one woman on board, who was speedily hauled up the side of the *Providence*. The six men were also swiftly pulled on board by means of ropes the crew flung to them, with Abel Coalfleet always aiding, Then he slashed the stay which held the yard-arm of the *Providence* fettered, and swarmed up the barque's side like the people he had saved; the backed topsail swung round promptly, and the *Providence*, having sustained "much damage," was once more put on her course for London.

The rescue could only have taken a few minutes; it was effected "most expeditiously," say the rescued, in a smart and seamanlike manner. The collision gave the *coup de grace* to the battered little coaster. Three-quarters of an hour later she disappeared beneath the stormy Atlantic. The *Providence* had come up just in time.

Of course, saving life at sea is more or less a habit with sailors, all in the day's work, and

nothing to call for remark. A dry, matter-of-fact entry in the log of the *Providence* would close the incident. But this rescue was exceptionally hazardous and brilliant. The skill of Captain Hiram in handling his big ship was equalled by the way Abel seconded him. Sponagle, with a sailor's appreciation, records that he "gallantly hazarded his life to save ours." Gallant is the word.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON

TO MY MOTHER

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?

Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,
Than we ungrateful leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away;
Or shun thee tottering on the grave's cold brink.

Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;

While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
  As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH

CLOUDS, RAINS, AND RIVERS

EVERY occurrence in Nature is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. The human mind is not satisfied with observing and studying any natural occurrence alone, but takes pleasure in connecting every natural fact with what has gone before it, and with what is to come after it. Thus, when we enter upon the study of rivers, our interest will be greatly increased by taking into account, not only their actual appearances but also their causes and effects.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries which swell its waters. The river,

of course, becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills. Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh Mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Rhine and the Rhone in the Alps; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru.

But it is quite plain, that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes indeed quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hillsides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. You may, however, very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with, which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine, a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply: you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention, and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud?

It is the *steam* or *vapour of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapour mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapour. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more

minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water-dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud*.

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapour.

The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it. When the cloud first forms, its quantity is far greater than the air is able to maintain in an invisible state. But, as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air, it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes altogether from the condition of a finely-divided liquid into that of transparent vapour or gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the spout; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that issuing

from the funnel of the locomotive. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud. Is there any fire in Nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is: the fire of the sun.

When the sunbeams fall upon the earth, they heat it, and also the water which lies on its surface, whether it be in large bodies, such as seas or rivers, or in the form of moisture. The water being thus warmed, a part of it is given off in the form of aqueous vapour, just as invisible vapour passes off from a boiler when the water in it is heated by fire. This vapour mingles with the air in contact with the earth. The vapour-charged air, being heated by the warm earth, expands, becomes lighter, and rises. It expands also, as it rises, because the pressure of the air above it becomes less and less with the height it attains. But an expanding body always becomes colder as the result of its expansion. Thus the vapour-laden air is chilled by its expansion. It is also chilled by coming in contact with the colder, higher air. The consequence is that the invisible vapour which it

contains is chilled, and forms into tiny water-drops, like the steam from a kettle or the funnel of the locomotive. And so, as the air rises and becomes colder, the vapour gathers into visible masses, which we call clouds.

This ascending moist air might become chilled, too, by meeting with a current of cold, dry air, and then clouds would be formed; and should this chilling process continue in either case until the water-drops become heavier than the surrounding air, they would fall to the earth as rain-drops. Rain is, therefore, but a further stage in the condensation of aqueous vapour caused by the chilling of the air.

Mountains also assist in the formation of clouds. When a wind laden with moisture strikes against a mountain, it is tilted and flows up its side. The air expands as it rises, the vapour is chilled and becomes visible in the form of clouds, and if sufficiently chilled, it comes down to the earth in the form of rain, hail, or snow.

Thus, by tracing a river backwards, from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun; for it is the sun that produces aqueous vapour, from which, as we have seen, clouds are formed, and it is from clouds that water falls to the earth to become the sources of rivers.

There are, however, rivers which have sources somewhat different from those just mentioned. They do not begin by driblets on a hillside, nor can they be traced to a spring. Go, for example, to the mouth of the river Rhone, and trace it backwards. You come at length to the Lake of Geneva, from which the river rushes, and which you might be disposed to regard as the source of the Rhone. But go to the head of the lake, and you find that the Rhone there enters it; that the lake is, in fact, an expansion of the river. Follow this upwards; you find it joined by smaller rivers from the mountains right and left. Pass these, and push your journey higher still. You come at length to a huge mass of ice—the end of a glacier—which fills the Rhone valley, and from the bottom of the glacier the river rushes. In the glacier of the Rhone you thus find the source of the river Rhone.

But whence come the glaciers? Wherever lofty mountains, like the Alps, rise into the high parts of the atmosphere where the temperature is below the freezing point, the vapour condensed from the air falls upon them, not as rain, but as snow. In such high mountainous regions, the heat of the summer melts the snow from the lower hills, but the higher parts remain covered,

for the heat cannot melt all the snow which falls there in a year. When a considerable depth of snow has accumulated, the pressure upon the lower layers squeezes them into a firm mass, and after a time the snow begins to slide down the slope of the mountain. It passes downward from one slope to another, joined continually by other sliding masses from neighbouring slopes, until they all unite into one long tongue, which creeps slowly down some valley to a point where it melts. This tongue from the snow-fields is called a glacier.

Without solar fire, therefore, we could have no atmospheric vapour, without vapour no clouds, without clouds no snow, and without snow no glaciers. Curious then as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in this heat of the sun.

TYNDALL: "The Forms of Water."
(Adapted)

Love your country, believe in her, honour her, work for her, live for her, die for her. Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birthright or blessed with prospects of a fairer future.

LORD DUFFERIN

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none;
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"—
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—
Then each at once his falchion drew,

Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,

And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my
blade!"—
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,

And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye,
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SCOTT: "The Lady of the Lake."

BILLY TOPSAIL

ONE day in the spring of the year, when high winds rise suddenly from the land, Billy Topsail was fishing from the punt, the *Never Give Up*. It was "fish weather," as the Ruddy Cove men say—gray, cold, and misty. The harbour entrance lay two miles to the south-west. Thicker weather threatened, and the day was far spent.

"It is time to be off home, boy," said Billy to the dog. "It is getting thick in the south-west."

Skipper stretched himself and wagged his tail. He had no word to say, but Billy, who, like all fishermen in remote places, had formed the

habit of talking to himself, supplied the answer.

"It is that, Billy, boy," said he. "The punt is as much as one hand can manage in a fair wind."

Then Billy said a word to himself: "We'll put in for ballast. The punt is too light for a gale."

He sculled the punt to a little cove and there loaded her with rocks. By this time two other punts were under way, and the sails of the skiff were fluttering, as her crew prepared to be at home for the night. The *Never Give Up* was ahead of the fleet and held her lead in such fine fashion as made Billy Topsail's heart swell with pride.

The wind had gained in force. It was sweeping down from the hills in gusts. Now it fell to a breeze, and again it came swiftly with angry strength. "We'll fetch the harbour on the next tack," Billy muttered to Skipper, who was whining in the bow.

A gust caught the sails, the ballast of the *Never Give Up* shifted, and she toppled over. Boy and dog were thrown into the sea. Billy dived to escape entanglement with the rigging of the boat. He had long ago learned the lesson that presence of mind wins half the fight in

dangerous accidents. The coward miserably perishes where the brave man survives.

He looked about for the punt. She had been heavily weighted with ballast, and he feared for her. What was he to do if she had been too heavily weighted? Even as he looked, she sank. She had righted under water; the tip of the mast was the last he saw of her.

The sea—cold, fretful, vast—lay all about him. The coast was half a mile distant, the punts out at sea were beating toward him and could make no greater speed. He had to choose between the punts and the rocks.

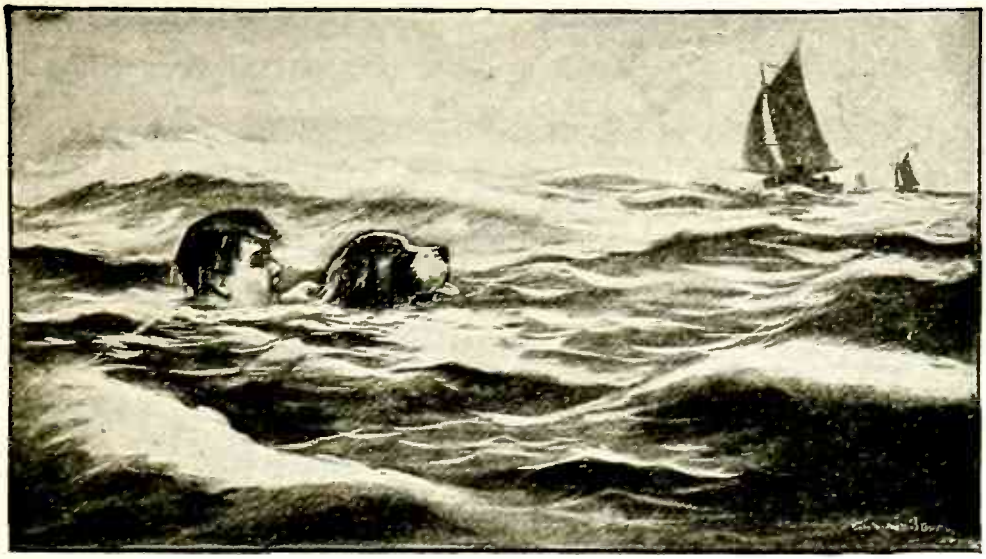
A whine—with a strange note in it—attracted his attention. The big dog had caught sight of him and was beating the water in a frantic effort to approach quickly. But the dog had never whined like that before. "Hi, Skipper!" Billy called. "Steady, boy! Steady!"

Billy took off his boots as fast as he could. The dog was coming nearer, still whining strangely and madly pawing the water. Billy was mystified. What possessed the dog? It was as if he had been seized with a fit of terror. Was he afraid of drowning? His eyes were fairly flaring. Such a light had never been in them before.

It was terror he saw in them; there could be no doubt about that. The dog was afraid for his life. At once Billy was filled with dread. He could not crush the feeling down. Afraid of Skipper—the old affectionate Skipper—his own dog, which he had reared from a puppy! It was absurd. But he was afraid, nevertheless—and he was desperately afraid. "Back, boy!" he cried. "Get back, sir!"

It chanced that Billy Topsail was a strong swimmer. He had learned to swim where the water is cold—cold, often, as the icebergs can make it. The water was bitter cold now, but he did not fear it, nor did he doubt that he could accomplish the long swim which lay before him. It was the strange behaviour of the dog which disturbed him—his failure in obedience, which could not be explained. "Back, sir!" Billy screamed. "Get back with you!"

Billy raised his hand as if to strike him—a threatening gesture which had sent Skipper home with his tail between his legs many a time. But it had no effect now. "Get back!" Billy screamed again. It was plain that the dog was not to be bidden. Billy threw himself on his back, supported himself with his hands, and kicked at the dog with his feet.



Skipper was blinded by the splashing. He whined and held back. Then blindly he came again. Billy moved slowly from him, head foremost, still churning the water with his feet. But, swimming thus, he was no match for the dog. Skipper forged after him. Soon he was so close that the lad could no longer move his feet freely. Then the dog chanced to catch one foot with his paw and forced it under. Billy could not beat him off.

No longer opposed, the dog crept up, paw over paw, forcing the boy's body lower and lower. His object was clear to Billy. Skipper, frenzied by terror, the boy thought, would try to save himself by climbing on his shoulders. "Skipper!" he cried: "you'll drown me! Get back!"

Then there seemed to be but one thing to do. He took a long breath and let himself sink—down—down—as deep as he dared. Down—down—until he retained breath sufficient but to strike to the right and rise again.

The dog—as it was made known later—rose as high as he could force himself and looked about in every direction with his mouth open and his ears cocked. He gave two sharp barks, like sobs, and a long mournful whine. Then, as if acting upon sudden thought, he dived.

For a moment nothing was to be seen either of boy or dog. There was nothing but a choppy sea in that place. Men who were watching thought that both had followed the *Never Give Up* to the bottom.

Billy knew that his situation was desperate. He would rise, he was sure, but only to renew the struggle. How long he could keep the dog off he could not tell. Until the punts came down to his aid? He thought not. He came to the surface prepared to dive again. But Skipper had disappeared. An ejaculation of thanksgiving was yet on the boy's lips, when the dog's black head rose and moved swiftly toward him. Billy had a start of ten yards—or something more.

He turned on his side and set off at top speed. There was no better swimmer among the lads of the harbour. Was he a match for a powerful Newfoundland dog? It was soon evident that he was not. Skipper gained rapidly. Billy felt a paw strike his foot. He put more strength into his strokes. The dog was upon him now, pawing his back. Billy could not sustain the weight. To escape, that he might take up the fight again in another way, he dived again.

The dog was waiting when Billy came up—waiting eagerly, on the alert to continue the chase. "Skipper, old fellow—good old dog!" Billy called in a soothing voice. "Steady, sir! Down, sir—back!" The dog was not to be deceived. He came by turns whining and gasping. He was more excited, more determined than ever. Billy waited for him, and when the dog was within reach, struck him in the face.

Rage seemed suddenly to possess the dog. He held back for a moment, growling fiercely, and then attacked with a rush. Billy fought as best he could, but the effort was vain; in another moment the dog had laid his heavy paws on his shoulders. The weight was too much for Billy. Down he went, freed himself, and struggled to the surface, gasping for breath. It appeared to

him now that he had but a moment to live. He felt his self-possession going from him—and at that moment his ears caught the sound of a voice: "Put your arm—"

The voice seemed to come from far away. Before the sentence was completed, the dog's paws were again on Billy's shoulders, and the water stopped the boy's hearing. What were they calling to him? The thought that some helping hand was near inspired him. With this new courage to aid, he dived for the third time. The voice was nearer—clearer—when he came up, and he heard every word.

"Put your arm around his neck," called the voice.

Billy's self-possession returned. He would follow this direction. Skipper swam anxiously to him. It may be that he wondered what this new attitude meant. It may be that he hoped reason had returned to the boy—that at last he would allow himself to be saved. Billy caught the dog by the neck, when he was within arm's length. Skipper wagged his tail and turned about.

There was a brief pause, during which the faithful old dog determined which direction he would take. He espied the punts, which had

borne down with all speed. Toward them he swam, and there was something of pride in his whine. Billy struck out with his free hand, and soon boy and dog were pulled over the side of the nearest punt.

Through it all, as Billy now knew, the dog had only wanted to save him.

That night Billy Topsail took Skipper aside for a long and confidential talk. "Skipper," said he, "I beg your pardon. You see I didn't know what it was you wanted. I'm sorry I ever had a hard thought against you. When I thought you only wanted to save yourself, it was Billy Topsail you were thinking of. When I thought you wanted to climb on top of me, it was my collar you wanted to catch. When I thought you wanted to bite me, it was a scolding you were giving me for my foolishness. Skipper, boy, honest, I beg your pardon. Next time I shall know that all a Newfoundland dog wants is half a chance to tow me ashore. And I will give him a whole chance. But, Skipper, don't you think you might have given me a chance to do something for myself?"

At which Skipper wagged his tail.

NORMAN DUNCAN: "Adventures of Billy Topsail."

HEAT

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.
Upward half-way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
Is slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees.
This wagon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge.
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depths of the noon
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
The cricket from the droughty ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
The burning sky-line blinds my sight:
The woods far off are blue with haze:
The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessèd power
Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of this hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

STORY OF ABSALOM

So the people went out into the field against Israel: and the battle was in the wood of Ephraim; where the people of Israel were slain before the servants of David, and there was there a great slaughter that day of twenty thousand men. For the battle was there scattered over the face of all the country: and the wood devoured more people that day than the sword devoured.

And Absalom met the servants of David. And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away.

And a certain man saw it, and told Joab, and said, Behold, I saw Absalom hanged in an oak.

And Joab said unto the man that told him, And, behold, thou sawest him, and why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? and I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle.

And the man said unto Joab, Though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine

hand, yet would I not put forth mine hand against the king's son: for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, Beware that none touch the young man Absalom. Otherwise I should have wrought falsehood against mine own life: for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldest have set thyself against me.

Then said Joab, I may not tarry thus with thee. And he took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armour compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him.

And Joab blew the trumpet, and the people returned from pursuing after Israel: for Joab held back the people. And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him: and all Israel fled every one to his tent.

. . . . . .

And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the

king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. And the watchman said, Me thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king.

And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

And, behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. And the king said unto Cushi, Is

the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

. . . . . .

And the victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people: for the people heard say that day how the king was grieved for his son. And the people gat them by stealth that day into the city, as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle.

But the king covered his face, and the king cried with a loud voice, O my son Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son!

II. SAMUEL, XVIII-XIX.

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, brave heart, unceasingly,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

HOOPER

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

(Read DEUTERONOMY, XXXII. 48-50)

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves:
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state, while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;—

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment-day,
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still:
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS

THE WRESTLING MATCH

(The archer, a member of the White Company, which was a troop of five hundred English soldiers of fortune in the pay of one of the French barons in the Middle Ages, has just arrived in England bearing an important letter. Incidentally he seeks recruits for the White Company.)

"WHY sit ye all moping by the fireside, like crows round a dead horse, when there is man's work to be done within a few leagues of ye! Out upon you all, as a set of laggards and hang-backs! By my hilt, I believe that the men of England are all in France already, and that what is left behind is in sooth the women

dressed up in their paltocks and hosen."

"Archer," quoth Hordle John, "you have lied more than once and more than twice; for which, and also because I see much in you to dislike, I am sorely tempted to lay you upon your back."

"By my hilt, then, I have found a man at last!" shouted the bowman. "And you are a better man than I take you for if you can lay me on my back, mon garçon. I have won the prize more times than there are toes to my feet, and for seven long years I have found no man in the Company who could make my jerkin dusty."

"We have had enough bobance and boasting," said Hordle John, rising and throwing off his doublet. "I will show you that there are better men left in England than ever went thieving to France."

"I' faith!" cried the archer, loosening his jerkin and eyeing his foeman over with the keen glance of one who is a good judge of manhood. "I have only once before seen such a body of a man. By your leave, my red-headed friend, I should be right sorry to exchange buffets with you; and I will allow that there is no man in the Company who would pull against you on a rope; so let that be a salve to your pride. On the

other hand, I should judge that you have led a life of ease for some months back, and that my muscle is harder than your own. I am ready to wager upon myself against you if you are not afeard."

"Afeard, thou lurden!" growled big John. "I never saw the face yet of the man that I was afeard of. Come out, and we shall see who is the better man."

"But the wager."

"I have nought to wager. Come out for the love of the thing."

"Nought to wager!" cried the soldier. "Why, you have that which I covet above all things. It is that big body of thine that I am after. See, now, mon garçon. I have a French feather-bed there which I have been at pains to keep these years back. I had it at the sacking of Issodum, and the king himself hath not such a bed. If you throw me, it is thine; but if I throw you, then you are under a vow to take bow and bill and hie with me to France, there to serve in the White Company as long as we be enrolled."

"A fair wager!" cried all the travellers, moving back their benches and trestles, so as to give fair field for the wrestlers.

"Then you may bid farewell to your bed, soldier," said Hordle John.

"Nay, I shall keep the bed, and I shall have you to France in spite of your teeth, and you shall live to thank me for it. How shall it be then, mon enfant? Collar and elbow, or close-lock, or catch how you can?"

"To the devil with your tricks," said John, opening and shutting his great red hands. "Stand forth, and let me clip thee."

"Shalt clip me as best you can, then," quoth the archer, moving out into the open space and keeping a most wary eye upon his opponent. He had thrown off his green jerkin, and his chest was covered only by a pink silk jupon, or undershirt, cut low in the neck and sleeveless. Hordle John was stripped from his waist upwards; and his huge body, with his great muscles swelling out like the gnarled roots of an oak, towered high above the soldier. The other, however, though near a foot shorter, was a man of great strength, and there was a gloss upon his white skin which was wanting in the heavier limbs of the renegade monk. He was quick on his feet, too, and skilled at the game; so that it was clear, from the poise of head and shine of eye, that he counted the chances to be

in his favour. It would have been hard that night, through the whole length of England, to set up a finer pair in face of each other.

Big John stood waiting in the centre, with a sullen, menacing eye and his red hair in a bristle, while the archer paced lightly and swiftly to the right and the left with crooked knee and hands advanced. Then with a sudden dash, so swift and fierce that the eye could scarce follow it, he flew in upon his man and locked his leg round him. It was a grip that, between men of equal strength, would mean a fall; but Hordle John tore him off from him as he might a rat, and hurled him across the room, so that his head cracked up against the wooden wall.

"Ma foi!" cried the bowman, passing his fingers through his curls, "you were not far from the feather-bed then, mon garçon. A little more and this good hostel would have a new window."

Nothing daunted, he approached his man once more, but this time with more caution than before. With a quick feint, he threw the other off his guard, and then, bounding upon him, threw his legs round his waist and his arms round his bull neck, in the hope of bearing him to the ground with the sudden shock.

With a bellow of rage, Hordle John squeezed

him limp in his huge arms; and then, picking him up, cast him down upon the floor with a force that might well have splintered a bone or two, had not the archer, with the most perfect coolness, clung to the other's forearms to break his fall. As it was, he dropped upon his feet and kept his balance, though it sent a jar through his frame which set every joint a-creaking.

He bounded back from his perilous foeman; but the other, heated by the bout, rushed madly after him, and so gave the practised wrestler the very vantage for which he had planned. As Big John flung himself upon him, the archer ducked under the great red hands that clutched for him, and catching his man round the thighs, hurled him over his shoulder—helped as much by his own mad rush as by the trained strength of the heave. To Alleyne's eye, it was as if John had taken to himself wings and flown. As he hurtled through the air, with giant limbs revolving, the lad's heart was in his mouth; for surely no man had ever yet had such a fall and came scathless out of it. In truth, hardy as the man was, his neck had been assuredly broken had he not pitched head first on the very midriff of the wandering artist, who was slumbering peacefully

in the corner, all unaware of these stirring doings. The luckless limner, thus suddenly brought out from his dreams, sat up with a piercing yell, while Hordle John bounded back into the circle almost as rapidly as he had left it.

"One more fall, by all the saints!" he cried, throwing out his arms. "Not I," quoth the archer, pulling on his clothes. "I have come well out of the business. I would sooner wrestle with the great bear of Navarre."

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE: "The White Company."

TO THE DANDELION

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms that be.

LOWELL

DICKENS IN THE CAMP

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought that spell?—
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hopvines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
This spray of Western pine!

BRET HARTE

THE DEATH OF NELSON

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw

three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom

he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst.

He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurrahed; and at each hurrah, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublime moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy: "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have

no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, it was so great that he wished he was dead. "Yet," he added in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!"

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete

victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," said Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, thereupon, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity for this.

Presently calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried beside his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings,—"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a near friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated—they were destroyed: new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them,

before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character.

The people of England grieved that the funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all that they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have awakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died.

The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas. The destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security and strength;

for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed a mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this moment inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and strength. Thus it is that spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them. SOUTHEY

ENGLAND expects that every man will do his duty. NELSON

WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They
come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent!

BYRON: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

SHOW me the man you honour; I know by that symptom better than by any other, what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long to be.

CARLYLE

THE FOUR-HORSE RACE

THE great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered—one from the mines, driven by Nixon, Craig's friend, a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together, and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained,

and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long rangy roans, and for leaders, a pair of half-broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight, there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above; and at the further end curved somewhat sharply around the Old Fort. The only condition attaching to the race was, that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the Fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course the result would depend upon the skill of

the drivers quite as much as upon the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn around the Old Fort and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long log bridge, or causeway.

From a point upon the high bank of the river the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattered through the crowd, the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket-coats, and with knitted tuques of the same colour. A very good-natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off-leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words: "Are you ready?" Then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd

came the shrill cry of Baptiste, as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy, as it shot past.

Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

Baptiste's cries—a curious mixture of French and English—continued to strike through all other sounds, till they gained the top of the slope to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them, they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front running straight and well within their speed. After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the Fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays.

But Nixon knew what he was about and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road, the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the Fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed, too, come the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run well following, but when leading they cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy

holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders.

Suddenly, within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and with a quick swing, forces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth and is partially closed up by a brush heap at the further end. But with a yell, Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope and into the undergrowth. "Allons, mes enfants! Courage! vite! vite!" cries their driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge, the hind bobsleigh catches a root, and with a crash the sleigh is hurled high into the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encourag-

ing his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear the brush heap lying at the mouth of the ravine and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and taking the bits in their teeth, they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans their driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his tuque with the other and flings it at the bronchos. Like a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a rush, cross the scratch, winners by their own length. "RALPH CONNOR": "Black Rock."

A SONG OF SPRING

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

. . . . .

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.

. . . . .

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

PSALM CIV.

RULE, BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

JAMES THOMSON

FUNERAL OF WELLINGTON

WHO is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;

. . . . . .

Remember him who led your hosts;
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;

Who never spoke against a foe:
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to life,
He never shall be shamed.

TENNYSON

IN A CAVE WITH A WHALE

JUST when the delightful days were beginning to pall upon us, a real adventure befell us, which, had we been attending strictly to business, we should not have encountered. For a week previous we had been cruising constantly without ever seeing a spout, except those belonging to whales out at sea, whither we knew it was folly to follow them. At last, one afternoon as we were listlessly lolling (half-asleep, except the look-out man) across the thwarts, we suddenly came upon a gorge between two cliffs that we must have passed before several times unnoticed. At a certain angle it opened, disclosing a wide sheet of water extending a long distance ahead. I put the helm up, and we ran through the passage, finding it about a

boat's length in width and several fathoms deep, though overhead the cliffs nearly came together in places. The place was new to us, and our languor was temporarily dispelled, and we paddled along, taking in every feature of the shores with keen eyes that let nothing escape. After we had gone on in this placid manner for maybe an hour, we suddenly came to a stupendous cliff—that is, for those parts—rising almost sheer from the water for about a thousand feet. Of itself it would not have arrested our attention, but at its base was a semicircular opening, like the mouth of a small tunnel. This looked alluring, so I headed the boat for it, passing through a deep channel between two reefs which led straight to the opening. There was ample room for us to enter, as we had lowered the mast; but just as we were passing through, a heave of the unnoticed swell lifted us unpleasantly near the crown of this natural arch. Beneath us, at a great depth, the bottom could be dimly discerned, the water being of the richest blue conceivable, which the sun, striking down through, resolved into some most marvellous colour-schemes in the path of its rays. A delicious sense of coolness, after the fierce heat outside, saluted us as we entered a vast hall,

whose roof rose to a minimum height of forty feet, but in places could not be seen at all. A sort of diffused light, weak, but sufficient to reveal the general contour of the place, existed, let in, I supposed, through some unseen crevices in the roof or walls. At first, of course, to our eyes, fresh from the fierce glare outside, the place seemed wrapped in impenetrable gloom, and we dared not stir lest we should run into some hidden danger. Before many minutes, however, the gloom lightened as our pupils enlarged, so that, although the light was faint, we could find our way about with ease. We spoke in low tones, for the echoes were so numerous and resonant that even a whisper gave back from those massy walls in a series of recurring hisses, as if a colony of snakes had been disturbed.

We paddled on into the interior of this vast cave, finding everywhere the walls rising sheer from the silent, dark waters, not a ledge or a crevice where one might gain foothold. Indeed, in some places there was a considerable overhang from above, as if a great dome whose top was invisible sprang from some level below the water. We pushed ahead until the tiny semicircle of light through which we had entered

was only faintly visible; and then, finding there was nothing to be seen except what we were already witnessing, unless we cared to go on into the thick darkness, which extended apparently into the bowels of the mountain, we turned and started to go back. Do what we would, we could not venture to break the solemn hush that surrounded us, as if we were shut within the dome of some vast cathedral in the twilight. So we paddled noiselessly along for the exit, till suddenly an awful, inexplicable roar set all our hearts thumping fit to break our bosoms. Really, the sensation was most painful, especially as we had not the faintest idea whence the noise came or what had produced it. Again it filled that immense cave with its thunderous reverberations; but this time all the sting was taken out of it, as we caught sight of its author. A goodly bull-humpback had found his way in after us, and the sound of his spout, exaggerated a thousand times in the confinement of that mighty cavern, had frightened us all so that we nearly lost our breath. So far so good; but, unlike the old negro though we were "doin' blame well," we did not "let blame well alone." The next spout that intruder gave, he was right alongside of us. This was too much for the

semi-savage instincts of my gallant harpooner, and before I had time to shout a caution he had plunged his weapon deep into old Blowhard's broad back.

I should like to describe what followed, but, in the first place, I hardly know; and, in the next, even had I been cool and collected, my recollections would sound like the ravings of a fevered dream. For of all the hideous uproars conceivable, that was, I should think, about the worst. The big mammal seemed to have gone frantic with the pain of his wound, the surprise of the attack, and the hampering confinement in which he found himself. His tremendous struggles caused such a commotion that our position could only be compared to that of men shooting Niagara in a cylinder at night. How we kept afloat, I do not know. Some one had the gumption to cut the line, so that by the radiation of the disturbance we presently found ourselves close to the wall, and trying to hold the boat in to it with our finger tips. Would he never be quiet? we thought, as the thrashing, banging, and splashing still went on with unfailing vigour. At last, in, I suppose, one supreme effort to escape, he leaped clear of the water like a salmon. There was a perceptible hush, during

which we shrank together like unfledged chickens on a frosty night; then, in a never-to-be-forgotten crash that ought to have brought down the massy roof, that mountainous carcass fell. The consequent violent upheaval of the water should have smashed the boat against the rocky walls, but that final catastrophe was mercifully spared us. I suppose the rebound was sufficient to keep us a safe distance off.

A perfect silence succeeded, during which we sat speechless, awaiting a resumption of the clamour. At last Abner broke the heavy silence by saying: "I doan' see the do'way any mo' at all, sir." He was right. The tide had risen, and that half-moon of light had disappeared, so that we were now prisoners for many hours, it not being at all probable that we should be able to find our way out during the night ebb. Well, we were not exactly children, to be afraid of the dark, although there is considerable difference between the velvety darkness of a dungeon and the clear, fresh night of the open air. Still, as long as that beggar of a whale would only keep quiet or leave the premises, we should be fairly comfortable. We waited and waited until an hour had passed, and then came to the conclusion that our friend was either dead or had

gone out, as he gave no sign of his presence.

That being settled, we anchored the boat, and lit pipes, preparatory to passing as comfortable a night as might be under the circumstances, the only thing troubling me being the anxiety of the skipper on our behalf. Presently the blackness beneath was lit up by a wide band of phosphoric light, shed in the wake of no ordinary-sized fish, probably an immense shark. Another and another followed in rapid succession, until the depths beneath were all ablaze with brilliant foot-wide ribbons of green glare, dazzling to the eye and bewildering to the brain. Occasionally a gentle splash or ripple alongside, or a smart tap on the bottom of the boat, warned us how thick the concourse was that had gathered below. Until that weariness which no terror is proof against set in, sleep was impossible, nor could we keep our anxious gaze from that glowing inferno beneath, where one would have thought all the population of Tartarus were holding high revel. Mercifully, at last we sank into a fitful slumber, though fully aware of the great danger of our position. One upward rush of any of those ravening monsters, happening to strike the frail shell of our boat, and a few fleeting seconds would have sufficed for our obliteration as if we had never been.

But the terrible night passed away, and once more we saw the tender, iridescent light stream into that abode of dread. As the day strengthened, we were able to see what was going on below, and a grim vision it presented. The water was literally alive with sharks of enormous size, tearing with never-ceasing energy at the huge carcass of the whale lying on the bottom, who had met his fate in a singular but not unheard-of way. At that last titanic effort of his he had rushed downward with such terrific force that, striking his head on the bottom, he had broken his neck. I felt very grieved that we had lost the chance of securing him; but it was perfectly certain that before we could get help to raise him, all that would be left on his skeleton would be quite valueless to us. So with such patience as we could command, we waited near the entrance until the receding ebb made it possible for us to emerge once more into the blessed light of day.

FRANK T. BULLEN: "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

FROM toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night,
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

GRAY

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws.
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis, then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lover, all look on; the chance is wond'rous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love: then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LEIGH HUNT

THE NAVY

(December, 1918)

Our safety from invasion, our daily bread, every means whereby we maintain our existence as an independent people, our unity as an Empire, or federation of commonwealths and dependencies—all these float from hour to hour upon our naval defence.

. . . . .

If that defence is neglected, weakened, or fettered, we should be in continual danger of subjugation or starvation. We should be forced to live in continued anxiety. If that naval defence were overthrown or outmatched by any other Navy or by a combination of navies, we should hold, not merely our possessions, but our lives and liberties only on sufferance.

Where else in the whole world can such conditions be paralleled? We have the right to demand from all other nations, friends and foes alike, full recognition of these facts. We are also entitled to point out that this naval strength that we require, and which we are determined to preserve, has never been used in modern history in a selfish and aggressive manner, and that it has, on four separate occasions, in four separate centuries—against Philip the

Second of Spain, Louis the Fourteenth, Napoleon, and the Kaiser—successfully defended civilization from military tyranny, and, particularly, preserved the independence of the Low Countries.

In this greatest of all wars, the British Navy shielded mighty America from all menace of serious danger; and, when she resolved to act, it was the British Navy that transported and escorted the greater proportion of her armies to the rescue and deliverance of France.

Our record in a hundred years of unquestioned naval sway since Trafalgar, proves the sobriety of our policy and the righteousness of our intentions. Almost the only ports in the world open freely to the commerce of all nations were those of our Island. Its possessions and our coaling-stations were used freely and fully by ships of all nations. We suppressed the slave trade. We put down piracy. We put it down again the other day. Even our coastwise traffic, so jealously guarded by every Power in the world, was thrown open to all comers on even terms, by that ancient people in whose keeping the world has been wisely ready to intrust the freedom of the seas.

RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL

SHAKESPEARE—A KING

THE folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,

What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are mouldered, half-remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

OF STUDIES

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give

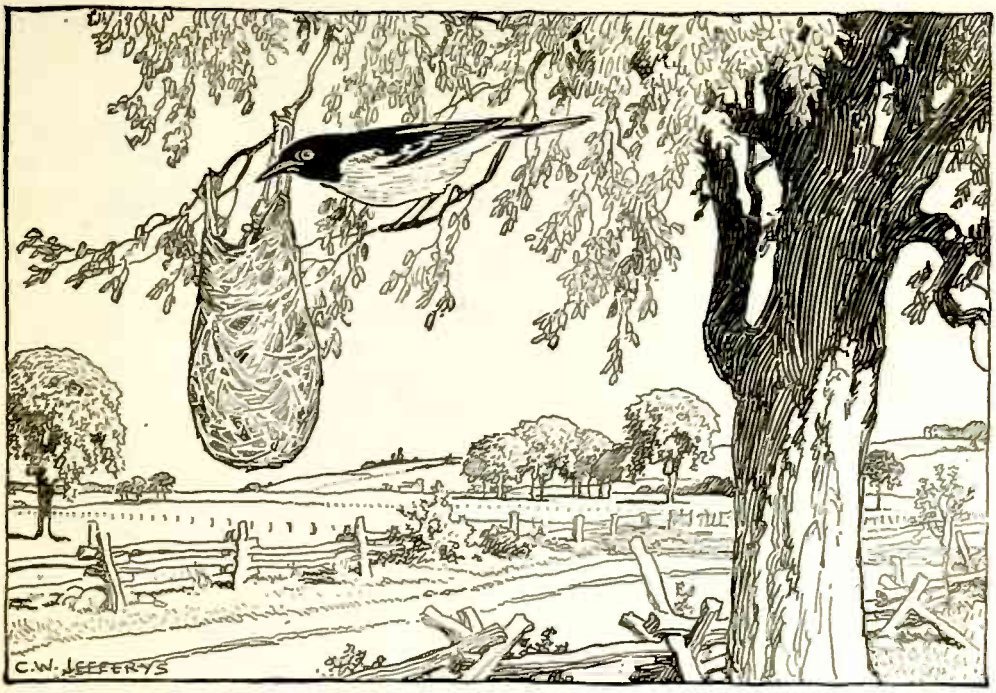
forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men contemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a good memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

FRANCIS BACON



THE NEST

When oaken woods with buds are pink,
And new-come birds each morning sing,
When fickle May on Summer's brink
Pauses, and knows not which to fling,
Whether fresh bud and bloom again,
Or hoar-frost silvering hill and plain,

Then from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock nest,
Cheering his labour with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat.

High o'er the loud and dusty road
  The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
  Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured eaves.

Oh, happy life, to soar and sway
  Above the life by mortals led,
Singing the merry months away,
  Master, not slave, of daily bread,
And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
Wherever sunshine beckons thee!

J. R. LOWELL

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great
pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths
tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the
pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker
the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned
clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to
see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard
the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is
time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black
every one,

To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,

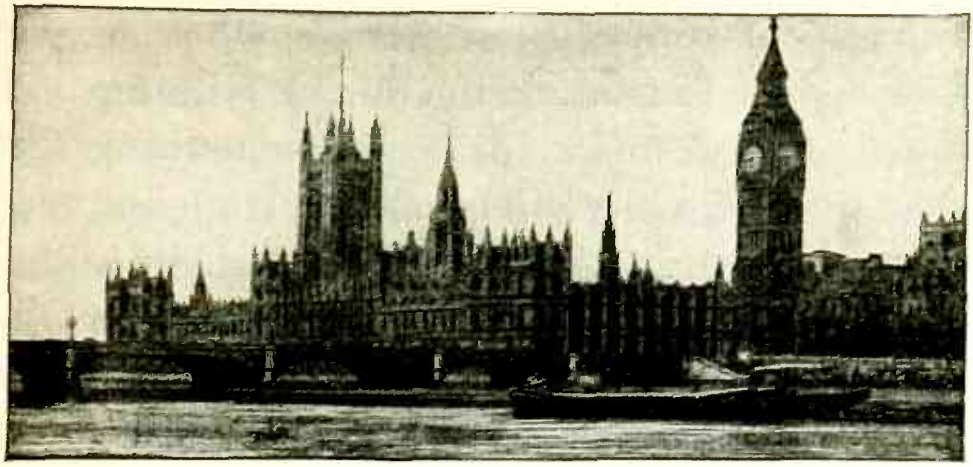
As down on her haunches she shuddered and
sank.
So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright
stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in
sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment
his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a
stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight
Of the news, which alone could save Aix
from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to
the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster
let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and
all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his
ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse
without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any
noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and
stood!

And all I remember is,—friends flocking
round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on
the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland
of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure
of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common con-
sent)
Was no more than his due who brought good
news from Ghent.

BROWNING



LONDON

THE huge city perhaps never impressed the imagination more than when approaching it by night on the top of a coach you saw its numberless lights flaring, as Tennyson says "like a dreary dawn." The most impressive approach is now by the river through the infinitude of docks, quays, and shipping. London is not a city, but a province of brick and stone. Hardly even from the top of St. Paul's or of the Monument can anything like a view of the city as a whole be obtained. It is indispensable, however, to make one or the other of those ascents when a clear day can be found, not so much because the view is fine, as because you will get a sensation of vastness and multitude not easily to be forgotten. There is or was, not long ago, a point on the ridge that connects

Hampstead with Highgate from which, as you looked over London to the Surrey Hills beyond, the modern Babylon presented something like the aspect of a city. The ancient Babylon may have vied with London in circumference, but the greater part of its area was occupied by open spaces; the modern Babylon is a dense mass of humanity. London with its suburbs has five millions of inhabitants, and still it grows. It grows through the passion which seems to be seizing mankind everywhere, on this continent as well as in Europe, for emigration from the country into the town, not only as the centre of wealth and employment, but as the centre of excitement, and, as the people fondly fancy, of enjoyment. The Empire and the commercial relations of England draw representatives of trading communities or subject races from all parts of the globe, and the faces and costumes of the Hindoo, the Parsi, the Lascar, and the ubiquitous Chinaman, mingle in the motley crowd with the merchants of Europe and America. The streets of London are, in this respect, to the modern, what the great Place of Tyre must have been to the ancient world. But pile Carthage on Tyre, Venice on Carthage, Amsterdam on Venice, and

you will not make the equal, or anything near the equal, of London. Here is the great mart of the world, to which the best and richest products are brought from every land and clime, so that if you have put money in your purse you may command every object of utility or fancy which grows or is made anywhere, without going beyond the circuit of the great cosmopolitan city. Parisian, German, Russian, Hindoo, Japanese, Chinese industry is as much at your service here, if you have the all-compelling talisman in your pocket, as in Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Benares, Yokohama or Pekin. That London is the great distributing centre of the world is shown by the fleets of the carrying trade of which the countless masts rise along her wharves and in her docks. She is also the bank of the world. But we are reminded of the vicissitudes of commerce and the precarious tenure by which its empire is held when we consider that the bank of the world in the middle of the last century was Amsterdam.

The first and perhaps the greatest marvel of London is the commissariat. How can the five millions be regularly supplied with food, and everything needful to life, even with such things as milk and those kinds of fruit which

can hardly be left beyond a day? Here again we see reason for concluding that though there may be fraud and scamping in the industrial world, genuine production, faithful service, disciplined energy, and skill in organization cannot wholly have departed from the earth. London is not only well fed, but well supplied with water and well drained. Vastly and densely peopled as it is, it is a healthy city. Yet the limit of practicable extension seems to be nearly reached. It becomes a question how the increasing multitude shall be supplied not only with food and water but with air.

There is something very impressive in the roar of the vast city. It is a sound of a Niagara of human life. It ceases not except during the hour or two before dawn, when the last carriages have rolled away from the balls and the market carts have hardly begun to come in. Only in returning from a very late ball is the visitor likely to have a chance of seeing what Wordsworth saw from Westminster Bridge:

"Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the open air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

GOLDWIN SMITH: "A Trip to England."

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

NEWMAN

GOD IS OUR REFUGE

GOD is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.
THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US;
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:

God shall help her at the dawn of
morning.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US;
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

Come, behold the works of the LORD,
What desolations he hath made in the
earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the
earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear
in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.
THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US;
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

PSALM XLVI.

A GOOD man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things. But I say unto you that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. ST. MATTHEW, XII.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY

I WONDER if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindled one by one:
Sing, robin, sing!
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

I wonder if the spring-tide of this year
Will bring another spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and sing:
Sing, hope, to me!
Sweet notes, my hope, sweet notes for memory.

The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;
So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
Or in this world, or in the world to come:
Sing, voice of Spring!
Till I, too, blossom and rejoice and sing.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

THE UNITY OF OUR EMPIRE

(Toronto, May, 1917)

I come into Canada to a great free country, composed not only of friends, but of countrymen. We think the same thoughts, we live in the same civilization, we belong to the same Empire, and if anything could have cemented more closely the bonds of Empire, if anything could have made us feel that we were indeed of one flesh and one blood, with one common history behind us, if anything could have cemented these feelings, it is the consciousness that now for two years and a half we have been engaged in this great struggle, in which, I thank God, all North America is now at one. We have been engaged in this great struggle through these two years and a half, fighting together, when necessary making all our sacrifices in common, working together toward a common and victorious end, which I doubt not will crown our efforts.

May I, as a countryman of yours, though not a citizen of Toronto, may I say how profoundly the whole Empire feels the magnitude of the

effort you have made, and how we value it for itself and for an example to all posterity, an evidence to the whole world of what the British Empire really means, not only for the whole of that civilized body of nations of which we form no inconsiderable part.

These are proud thoughts; they will some day be proud memories. We are associated together in a struggle never equalled yet in the history of the world, and I rejoice to think that in that struggle on which posterity will look back as the greatest effort made for freedom and civilization, the British Empire in every one of its constituent parts, and surely not least in this great Dominion, in this proud Province, and in this city not least, has shown what the unity of the Empire really means, and how vain were the anticipations of those who thought that we were constituted but a fair-weather Empire, to be dissolved into thin atoms at the first storm that should burst upon it.

We have, on the contrary, shown that the more storms beat on the fabric of our Empire the more firmly it held together, and were so far from shaking it in any single part. Events that have recently occurred, that are occurring, and that will occur in the future, will join

every part of it together for ever in memories which will remain with us, the actors in this great drama, until we die, and which we shall be able to hand to our children and our grandchildren as long as civilization exists.

RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

LAST night among his fellows rough
  He jested, quaffed, and swore:
A drunken private of the Buffs,
  Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
  He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
  And type of all her race.

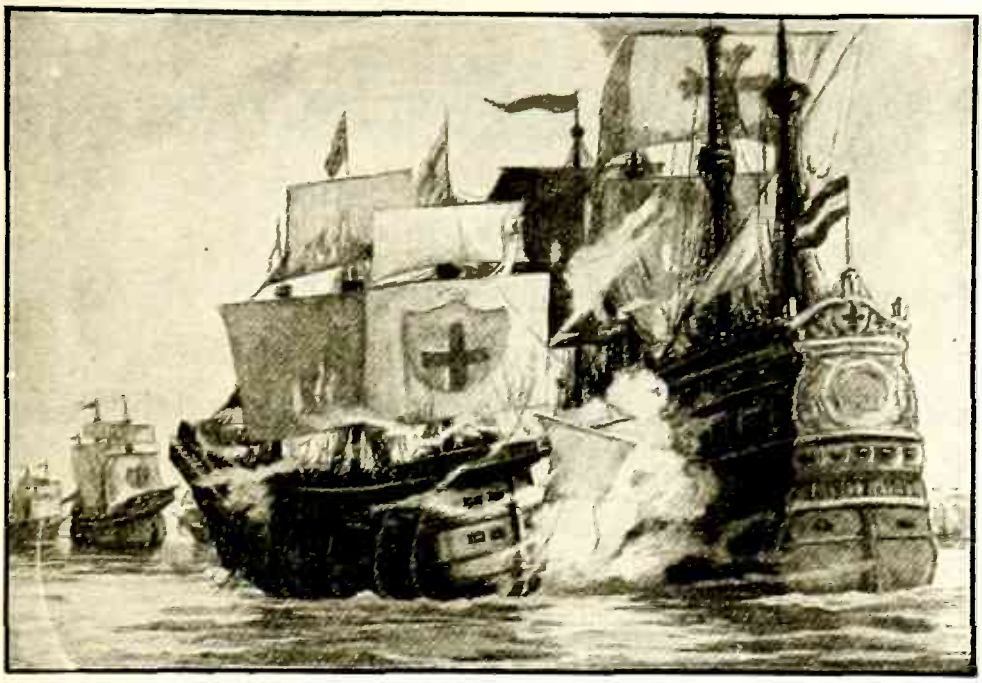
Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
  Bewildered and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
  He yet can call his own.
Ay! tear his body limb from limb;
  Bring cord, or axe, or flame!—
He only knows that not through him
  Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seemed
  Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed
  One sheet of living snow:
The smoke above his father's door
  In gray, soft eddyings hung:—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, Honour calls!—with strength like steel
  He put the vision by:
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
  An English lad must die!
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink
  To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
  Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
  The strong heart of her sons!
So, let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

F. H. Doyle



THE REVENGE

A Ballad of the Fleet, 1591

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,

And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and laughed,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delayed
By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said: "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
And he said: "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,

And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said: "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,

And away she sailed with her loss and longed
for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruined
awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather
to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale
blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an
earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and
their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-
shattered navy of Spain,
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by
the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

TENNYSON

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the
broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on
from east to west.

LOWELL

JUNE

—What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing.—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

LOWELL

TO ENGLISHMEN

O ENGLISHMEN!—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue, our brothers!
We, too, are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
Through centuries of story—
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint heirs and kinsfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

J. G. WHITTIER

AN accurate taste in poetry and in all other arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, is an acquired talent, which can only be produced by thought and long-continued intercourse with the best models of composition.

AN ELIZABETHAN SEAMAN

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream, in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the

house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor-boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh.

In 1585 John Davis left Dartmouth on his first voyage into the Polar Seas; and twice subsequently he went again, venturing in small, ill-equipped vessels of thirty or forty tons into the most dangerous seas. These voyages were as remarkable for their success as for the daring with which they were accomplished, and Davis' epitaph is written on the map of the world, where his name still remains to commemorate his discoveries. Brave as he was, he is distinguished by a peculiar and exquisite sweetness of nature, which, from many little facts of his life, seems to have affected every one with whom he came in contact in a remarkable degree. We find men, for the love of Master Davis, leaving their firesides to sail with him, without other hope or motion; we find silver bullets cast to shoot him in a mutiny; the hard, rude natures

of the mutineers being awed by something in his carriage which was not like that of a common man. He has written the account of one of his northern voyages himself; and there is an imaginative beauty in it, and a rich delicacy of expression, which is called out in him by the first sight of strange lands and things and people.

We have only space to tell something of the conclusion of his voyage north. In latitude sixty-three degrees, he fell in with a barrier of ice, which he coasted for thirteen days without finding an opening. The very sight of an iceberg was new to all his crew; and the ropes and shrouds, though it was midsummer, becoming compassed with ice,—

"The people began to fall sick and faint-hearted—whereupon, very orderly, and with good discretion, they entreated me to regard the safety of mine own life, as well as the preservation of theirs; and that I should not, through over-boldness, leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses.

Whereupon, seeking counsel of God, it pleased His Divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I hope shall be to His glory and to the contentation of every Christian mind."

He had two vessels—one of some burden, the other a pinnace of thirty tons. The result of the counsel which he had sought was, that he made over his own large vessel to such as wished to return, and himself, "thinking it better to die with honour than to return with infamy," went on with such volunteers as would follow him, in a poor leaky cutter, up the sea now in commemoration of that adventure called Davis' Strait. He ascended four degrees north of the furthest known point, among storms and icebergs, when the long days and twilight nights alone saved him from being destroyed, and, coasting back along the American shore, he discovered Hudson Strait, supposed then to be the long desired entrance into the Pacific. This exploit drew the attention of Walsingham, and by him Davis was presented to Burleigh, "who was also pleased to show him great encouragement." If either these statesmen or Elizabeth had been twenty years younger, his name would have filled a larger space in history than a small corner of the map of the world; but, if he was employed at all in the last years of the century, no *vates sacer* has been found to celebrate his work, and no clew is left to guide us. He disappears; a cloud falls over him. He is known

to have commanded trading vessels in the Eastern seas, and to have returned five times from India. But the details are all lost, and accident has only parted the clouds for a moment to show us the mournful setting with which he, too, went down upon the sea.

In taking out Sir Edward Michellthorne to India, in 1604, he fell in with a crew of Japanese, whose ship had been burnt, drifting at sea, without provisions, in a leaky junk. He supposed them to be pirates, but he did not choose to leave them to so wretched a death, and took them on board; and in a few hours, watching their opportunity, they murdered him.

As the fool dieth, so dieth the wise, and there is no difference; it was the chance of the sea, and the ill reward of a humane action—a melancholy end for such a man—like the end of a warrior, not dying Epaminondas-like on the field of victory, but cut off in some poor brawl or ambuscade. But so it was with all these men. They were cut off in the flower of their days, and few of them laid their bones in the sepulchres of their fathers. They knew the service which they had chosen, and they did not ask the wages for which they had not laboured. Life with them was no summer

holiday, but a holy sacrifice offered up to duty, and what their Master sent was welcome. Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, Nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough, and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows, this side the grave; which the grave gapes to finish, before the victory is won; and—strange that it should be so—this is the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this. They to whom it has been given to do the really highest work in this earth—whoever they are, Jew or Gentile, Pagan or Christian, warriors, legislators, philosophers, priests, poets, kings, slaves — one and all, their fate has been the same—the same bitter cup has been given them to drink. And so it was with

the servants of England in the sixteenth century. Their life was a long battle, either with the elements or with men; and it was enough for them to fulfil their work, and to pass away in the hour when God had nothing more to bid them do.

FROUDE: "Short Studies on Great Subjects."

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the sea-king to his men;
"I shall never sail the seas
As a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, O raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand,
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily;
If I cannot end my life
In the crimsoned battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold, refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed
To the favouring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;

And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, "*King of mighty men,*
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea."

Underneath him in the hold
They have placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail
As it swelled before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free;
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle and to conquer
On the sea.

And the king, with sudden strength,
Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff
And his robe around his neck:

Once alone, he raised his hand
To the people on the land;
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud, exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
Fresh and free;
And ere yet an hour had passed,
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path
On the sea.

"So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail:
I have fought with many a foe,
I have weathered many a gale;
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;—
To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,

I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

"So blow, ye stormy winds—
And, ye flames, ascend on high;—
In the easy, idle bed
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel;
Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath, shouting, 'On
To victory.'
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea."

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip;—
Neither recked he of the roar,
The destruction of his ship,
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash:
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,

Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
"I am coming!" said the king,
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto Thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."

CHARLES MACKAY

READING enables us to see with the keenest eyes, to hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time.

LOWELL

THE DOWNFALL OF WOLSEY

FAREWELL! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed]

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

. . . .

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed
it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate
thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKESPEARE

HONOURABLE TOIL

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman, that, with earth-made Implement, laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spirit-

ually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one; when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? —These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he, that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

CARLYLE: "Sartor Resartus."

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Tennyson

TO A WATER-FOWL

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

BRYANT

Poetry is the image of man and of nature.

DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

THAT man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

HUXLEY

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!

Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. Henley

VITAÏ LAMPADA

(The Torch of Life)

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
  Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
  An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
  Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
  Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
  And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
  And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a school-boy rallies the ranks:
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
  While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
  And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
  Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

HENRY NEWBOLT

THE IRREPARABLE PAST

("And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest; it is enough, the hour is come; behold the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." Mark, XIV. 41, 42)

THE words of Christ are not like the words of other men. His sentences do not end with the occasion which called them forth: every sentence of Christ's is a deep principle of human life, and it is so with these sentences. The principle contained in "Sleep on now" is this, that the past is irreparable, and after a certain moment waking will do no good. You may improve the future, the past is gone beyond recovery. As to all that is gone by, so far as the hope of altering it goes, you may sleep on and take your rest: there is no power in earth or heaven that can undo what has once been done.

Let us proceed to give an illustration of this. This principle applies to a misspent youth. The young are by God's Providence, exempted in a great measure from anxiety; they are as the apostles were in relation to their Master: their friends stand between them and the struggles of existence. They are not called upon to

think for themselves: the burden is borne by others. They get their bread without knowing or caring how it is paid for: they smile and laugh without a suspicion of the anxious thoughts of day and night which a parent bears to enable them to smile. So to speak, they are sleeping—and it is not a guilty sleep—while another watches.

My young brethren—youth is one of the precious opportunities of life—rich in blessing if you choose to make it so; but having in it the materials of undying remorse if you suffer it to pass unimproved. Your quiet Gethsemane is now. Do you know how you can imitate the apostles in their fatal sleep? You can suffer your young days to pass idly and uselessly away; you can live as if you had nothing to do but to enjoy yourselves: you can let others think for you, and not try to become thoughtful yourselves: till the business and difficulties of life come upon you unprepared, and you find yourselves like men waking from sleep, hurried, confused, scarcely able to stand, with all the faculties bewildered, not knowing right from wrong, led headlong to evil, just because you have not given yourselves in time to learn what is good. All that is sleep.

And now let us mark it. You cannot repair that in after-life. Oh! remember every period of human life has its own lesson, and you cannot learn that lesson in the next period. The boy has one set of lessons to learn, and the young man another, and the grown-up man another. Let us consider one single instance. The boy has to learn docility, gentleness of temper, reverence, submission. All those feelings which are to be transferred afterwards in full cultivation to God, like plants nursed in a hotbed and then planted out, are to be cultivated first in youth. Afterwards, those habits which have been merely habits of obedience to an earthly parent, are to become religious submission to a heavenly parent. Our parents stand to us in the place of God. Veneration for our parents is intended to become afterwards adoration for something higher. Take that single instance; and now suppose that *that* is not learned in boyhood. Suppose that the boy sleeps to the duty of veneration, and learns only flippancy, insubordination, and the habit of deceiving his father,—can that, my young brethren, be repaired afterwards? Humanly speaking not. Life is like the transition from class to class in a school. The school-boy who

has not learned arithmetic in the earlier classes, cannot secure it when he comes to mechanics in the higher: each section has its own sufficient work. He may be a good philosopher or a good historian, but a bad arithmetician he remains for life; for he cannot lay the foundation at the moment when he must be building the superstructure. The regiment which has not perfected itself in its manœuvres on the parade ground, cannot learn them before the guns of the enemy. And just in the same way, the young person who has slept his youth away, and become idle, and selfish, and hard, cannot make up for that afterwards. He may do something, he may be religious—yes; but he cannot be what he might have been. There is a part of his heart which will remain uncultivated to the end. The apostles could share their Master's sufferings—they could not save him. Youth has its irreparable past.

And therefore, my young brethren, let it be impressed upon you,—NOW is a time, infinite in its value for eternity, which will never return again. Sleep not; learn that there is a very solemn work of heart which must be done while the stillness of the garden of Gethsemane gives you time. Now, or Never. The treasures at

your command are infinite. Treasures of time —treasures of youth—treasures of opportunity that grown-up men would sacrifice everything they have to possess. Oh for ten years of youth back again with the added experience of age! But it cannot be: they must be content to sleep on now and take their rest.

REV. F. W. ROBERTSON: "Sermons."

FAREWELL

MOTHER, with unbowed head
Hear thou across the sea
The farewell of the dead
The dead who died for thee.
Greet them again with tender words and grave,
For, saving thee, themselves they could not save.

To keep the house unharmed
Their fathers built so fair,
Deeming endurance armed
Better than brute despair,
They found the secret of the word that saith,
"Service is sweet, for all true life is death."

So greet thou well thy dead
Across the homeless sea,
And be thou comforted
Because they died for thee.
Far off they served, but now their deed is done
For evermore their life and thine are one.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

SIEGE OF ARCOT

(Sir Robert Clive in 1751 had seized Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic and the residence of the Nabob Chunda, who was in alliance with the French General Dupleix. Chunda was at that time attacking Mohammed Ali in Trichinopoly. The latter was an ally of the British; and Clive's action at Arcot was to aid Mohammed Ali. Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda, besieged Clive in Arcot.)

RAJAH SAHIB proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred Sepoys. Only four officers were left, the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so

discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a bookkeeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe.

The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mohammed Ali; but, thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves.

Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was a usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a bookkeeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe.

The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mohammed Ali; but, thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves.

Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was a usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mohammedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali.

The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. After the lapse of nearly twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life and passes at once to the garden of the Houris.

It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bhang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm and was

instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English muskets than they turned round and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward.

A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch, Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an

anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But, when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

MACAULAY: "Essay on Clive."

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

KIPLING

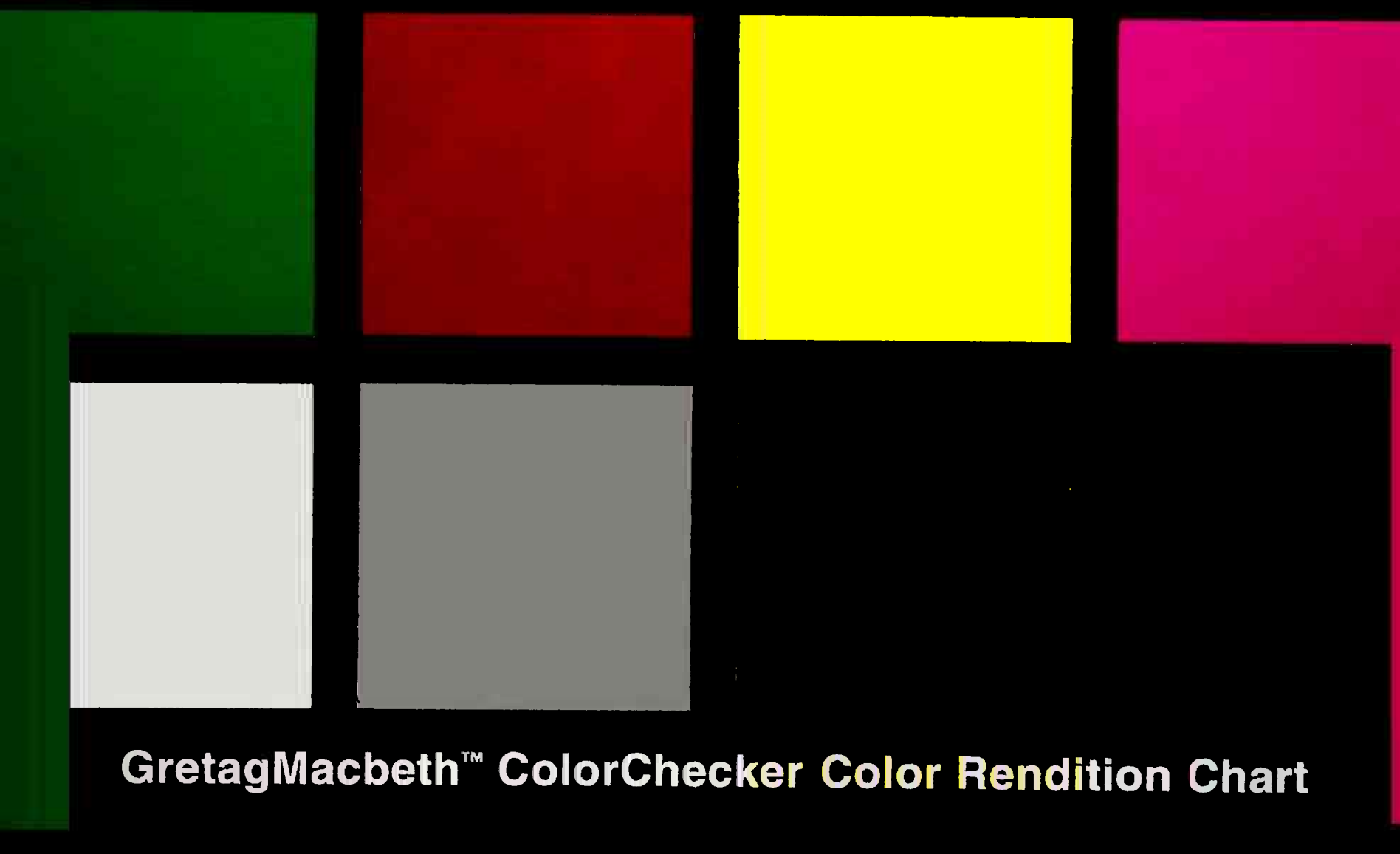
INDEX OF TITLES

		PAGE
Afton Water	*Robert Burns*	109
Among the Canadian Mountains	*Helena Coleman*	159
Archery Contest, The	*Sir Walter Scott*	97
Autumn Woods	*William Cullen Bryant*	103
Battle of the Pipes, The	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	18
Battle with the Pygmies, The	*O. J. Stevenson*	208
Battle with the Pygmies, The (*Con.*)	*O. J. Stevenson*	231
Beatitudes, The	*Bible*	206
Billy Topsail	*Norman Duncan*	275
Break, Break, Break	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	259
Burial of Moses, The	*Cecil Frances Alexander*	290
Canada	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	26
"Canadians—Canadians—That's All!"	*Harold R. Peat*	142
Children's Song, The	*Rudyard Kipling*	1
Christmas	*E. Hilton Young*	74
Christmas Hymn, 1837, A	*Alfred Domett*	201
Clouds, Rains, and Rivers	*John Tyndall*	262
Commandment and the Reward, The	*Bible*	204
Common Street, The	*Helen Gray Cone*	17
Country Life in Canada in the "Thirties"	*Canniff Haight*	122
Crossing the Bar	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	388
Crusader and the Saracen, The	*Sir Walter Scott*	83
Daffodils	*William Wordsworth*	391
David Copperfield's First Journey Alone	*Charles Dickens*	110
Defeat of the Armada	*James Anthony Froude*	51
Dean Swift and the Errand Boy	*Carl Heath*	26
Death of Nelson, The	*Robert Southey*	303
Destruction of Sennacherib, The	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	56
Dickens in the Camp	*Bret Harte*	301
Discovery of America, The	*William Robertson*	12
Downfall of Wolsey, The	*William Shakespeare*	383

		PAGE
Elizabethan Seaman, An	*James Anthony Froude*	371
England	*William Shakespeare*	10
England, My England	*William Ernest Henley*	393
Evening	*Archibald Lampman*	230
Falls of Niagara, The	*Edward Hartley Dewart*	82
Fancy From Fontenelle, A	*Austin Dobson*	169
Farewell	*Sir Henry Newbolt*	400
Fight with Apollyon, The	*John Bunyan*	131
First Ploughing, The	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	95
First Spring Day, The	*Christina Rossetti*	354
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu	*Sir Walter Scott*	270
Forbearance	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	168
Four-Horse Race, The	*"Ralph Connor"*	315
From Ocean to Ocean in Canada	*G. M. Grant*	200
Funeral of Wellington, The	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	324
"Gentlemen, the King!"	*Harold Begbie*	105
Glove and the Lions, The	*Leigh Hunt*	334
God is Our Refuge	*Bible*	352
Heat	*Archibald Lampman*	284
Herring Fishing	*Hugh Miller*	240
Home Thoughts, from Abroad	*Robert Browning*	157
Home Thoughts, from the Sea	*Robert Browning*	24
Honourable Toil	*Thomas Carlyle*	386
How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix	*Robert Browning*	342
In a Canoe	*Lord Dunraven*	175
In a Cave with a Whale	*Frank T. Bullen*	326
Incident of the French Camp, An	*Robert Browning*	128
In November	*Archibald Lampman*	102
Instruction	*Bible*	156
Irreparable Past, The	*Frederick W. Robertson*	396
June	*James Russell Lowell*	368
Kitchener of Khartoum	*Robert J. C. Stead*	207
Lark at the Diggings, The	*Charles Reade*	58
Lead, Kindly Light	*John Henry Newman*	351
Liberal Education, A	*Thomas Huxley*	392
Life in Norman England	*W. F. Collier*	149

		PAGE
Lion Hunt, A	*Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson*	76
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	118
London	*Goldwin Smith*	347
Love Canada	*Egerton Ryerson*	174
Madrigal, A	*Elizabeth R. MacDonald*	215
Man Who Sings, The	*Thomas Carlyle*	75
Maple, The	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	141
Miriam's Song	*Thomas Moore*	55
Morning on the Lièvre	*Archibald Lampman*	228
Moses' Bargains	*Oliver Goldsmith*	136
Mountain Torrents	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	49
My Castles in Spain	*George William Curtis*	243
My Native Land	*Sir Walter Scott*	227
Navy, The	*Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill*	336
Nest, The	*James Russell Lowell*	341
Ocean	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	216
Ode Written in 1746	*William Collins*	293
Of Studies	*Francis Bacon*	339
Oft, in the Stilly Night	*Thomas Moore*	173
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	*John Keats*	81
On the Washington Treaty	*Sir John A. Macdonald*	192
Our Country	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	2
Parting of Marmion and Douglas	*Sir Walter Scott*	196
Poet's Song, The	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	242
Pontiac's Attempt to Capture Fort Detroit	*Major Richardson*	219
Prayer	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	36
Private of the Buffs, The	*Sir Francis Hastings Doyle*	357
Progress	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	247
Providence	*William Cowper*	135
Queen's Jubilee, 1897, The	*Sir Wilfrid Laurier*	24
Revenge, The	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	359
Recessional	*Rudyard Kipling*	406
Romance of Marquis Wheat, The	*O. J. Stevenson*	66
Rule, Britannia	*James Thomson*	323

		PAGE
Scots Wha Hae	*Robert Burns*	179
Scrooge's Christmas	*Charles Dickens*	39
Sea-King's Burial, The	*Charles Mackay*	377
Shakespeare—a King	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	338
Sherwood	*Alfred Noyes*	236
Shipwreck, The	*Archibald MacMechan*	248
Siege of Arcot	*Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay*	401
Sir Patrick Spens	*Old Ballad*	62
Solitary Reaper, The	*William Wordsworth*	261
Song My Paddle Sings, The	*E. Pauline Johnson*	189
Song of Spring, A	*Bible*	322
Spacious Firmament, The	*Joseph Addison*	205
St. Ambrose Crew Win Their First Race	*Thomas Hughes*	180
Storm in the Alps	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	90
Story of Absalom	*Bible*	286
Thou Must Be True Thyself	*Horatius Bonar*	91
To a Water-Fowl	*William Cullen Bryant*	389
To Englishmen	*John G. Whittier*	370
To My Mother	*Henry Kirke White*	260
To the Dandelion	*James Russell Lowell*	300
To the Memory of the Fallen	*From "Funeral Oration of Pericles"*	158
Tom Tulliver at School	*George Eliot*	3
Two Paths, The	*Bible*	130
United Empire Loyalists, The	*Egerton Ryerson*	170
Unity of Our Empire, The	*Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour*	355
Unnamed Lake, The	*Frederick George Scott*	147
Untrodden Ways	*Agnes Maule Machar*	94
Vision of Mirzah, The	*Joseph Addison*	160
Vision of the Future, A	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	134
Vitaï Lampada	*Sir Henry Newbolt*	395
Waterloo	*George Gordon, Lord Byron*	311
Way to Glory, The	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	11
Wolfe at Quebec	*Francis Parkman*	28
Work and Wages	*John Ruskin*	91
Wounded Gull, The	*Edmund Gosse*	37
Wrestling Match, The	*Sir A. Conan Doyle*	294
Ye Mariners of England	*Thomas Campbell*	154


GretagMacbeth™ ColorChecker Color Rendition Chart